



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General

THE rector of a prominent Anglican church east of Toronto wrote me over a month ago a rather startling letter, from which I extract the following: "Noticing your remarks in the last issue with reference to the W.C.T.U., I wish to communicate an idea of mine to you, hoping you will treat it some day on your front page. In the opinion of a growing number of thoughtful people, a greater evil threatens our civilization, more dangerous even than drink or cigarettes. I allude to race-suicide, or pre-natal abortion. You are of course aware of the protests that have been raised against this practice by moralists. Now what object could the W.C.T.U. more fitly undertake than a crusade against this evil? It is well known that the wife is the one who objects to the baby; women are becoming more and more hostile to motherhood. W.C.T.U. leaders are directing their energies exclusively against masculine failings, but would it not be more timely to initiate a movement against a vice fostered by their own sex? I would like to see this suggestion made in your courageous and inimitable style in your journal."

I would have much preferred if my clerical friend had permitted me to use his name, and thus stood sponsor for a subject too generally avoided as unsuitable for the readers of a family newspaper. Some years ago one of the most prominent Anglican clergymen in Prince Edward Island preached a very outspoken sermon on the subject, a copy of which he sent me, and it was published in "Saturday Night." While I have never been afraid to express my opinion on this or any other topic, I certainly prefer those more palatable to discuss such matters to lead the way. The above letter has been lying on my desk for more than a month, and probably would not have been used even now had not the question of "race suicide" been brought into such general notice that the Bishop of Ripon last week was prompted to deliver himself of a very strong address based on the recent statistics in regard to the decrease in the birth rate of Great Britain. In this speech, quoting from an Associated Press despatch, "he denounced fashionable and childless marriages, where the duties of life were shirked and marriage made a mockery, as being more terrible than irregular alliances unsanctioned by the Church. He pointed out that the whole of society was affected, for the birth rate in every European country was declining." Such a denunciation of course stirred up a widespread controversy in which the cable despatches tell us the most divergent views are being expressed. Henry James, the novelist, now in England, appears to have taken the view "that the falling off in the birth rate shows that people are beginning to think for themselves. It is the ultimate satisfactory solution of our social troubles and labor difficulties. Large families to the working classes are an inexpressible burden and the overstocked labor market leads to poverty, degeneracy and crime. With foreign invasion stopped and large families abolished, England will have ten times a happier population and greater individual health. The falling off in the birth rate is the best news in our times, according to Mr. James."

While many writers are strongly supporting Mr. James's views, many others naturally rush to the support of the Bishop. "For example," according to the cable, "Dr. Taylor, president of the British Gynaecological Society, and a scientist of European reputation, points out that the birth rate of the United Kingdom from 1874 to 1878 was 34.3 per 1,000, from 1894 to 1898 29.1 per 1,000, and in 1901 28. The decline was greater than in any European country. There are 500 births a week fewer in London than twenty years ago." Dr. Taylor, as a medical man, is convinced from the result of many years' observation that the sudden danger of chronic disease may be the result. He points out that since the fall of the birth rate became decided the number of juvenile criminals has risen and the proportion of them in England is higher than in any other country. The lunacy statistics are the same as the moral ones, while there is no indication that the intellectual capacity of the young is increasing. He quotes Karl Pearson as saying, "Mentally better stock of the nation is not reproducing itself at the same rate as of old."

Much of the cablegram I have quoted is pertinent as showing how seriously this matter is being regarded by some of the best minds in Great Britain, and indicating that it is worthy of the attention which my clerical correspondent suggests should be given it by the W.C.T.U. In a section of the country I have been recently visiting the ladies are given over to fraternal, secret, religious and temperance organizations to an extent I never before saw paralleled. Many of them seem to think that they are not busy doing their duty unless they have an appointment in the afternoon, another at night and committee meetings in the morning. The W.C.T.U. are by long odds the largest and busiest of these bands; indeed, the ladies of the section I speak of boast that they have the biggest Union in existence. These ladies are noted not only for their enthusiasm in the cause, but for having fewer children than almost any equal number of married women anywhere in the world. As in Canada, their crusades against drinking and tobacco—cigarette-smoking in particular—are constant and extravagant. Now that my reverend friend has suggested that this powerful organization cease for a little while from their efforts to reform mere men, I can see a thousand reasons why they should take up a subject of such paramount importance as race suicide, which, if it long continues to increase in its present ratio, will leave little or no "civilized" material upon which energetic ladies will be able to work. Despite my alleged tendency to levity, I feel like making the possible mistake of treating this matter with serious candor. The impulse which is causing many of the best educated and most cultured women to look upon maternity with fear and loathing deserves to be analyzed by every preacher and writer in the land. We are all more or less believers in the law of evolution, the law of selection and the survival of the fittest, and doubtless the instinct to restrict or altogether avoid child-bearing is coming up as a consequence of many changes in our moral, mental, spiritual and social conditions. As man gets further away from the lowest species from which the race is said by scientists to have sprung, improper methods have evidently followed immature reasoning as immediate fears of pain have been excited by superficial observation.

Much clamor nowadays is caused by the occasionally apparent injustice with which our laws are enforced. Corruption is charged in every direction, both in politics and business. Debauchery and vice may be less open and shameless than it once was, and the virtue of the multitude may appear to have increased, but if "race suicide," the new name for the avoidance of child-bearing—or child-murder as it is denounced by churchmen—is as prevalent as it is generally supposed to be, what can be thought of—taking the most latitudinarian view—as little better than vice and which is certainly a breaking of the laws of God and man and nature, is taking the place of more open violation of the rules which are still formally considered best for the human race. Communities are surprised at the difficulty of convicting well-known abortionists of their offences, yet why should surprise, let alone horror, be caused that a man is not sent to the gallows, as is possible, or the penitentiary for life, as men often have been, for doing that which it is said so many women do for themselves? Either the law should be changed, making it legally proper for qualified physicians to do this sort of thing properly and thus reduce the terrible consequences of recklessness and malpractice pointed out by Dr. Taylor, or else every social and fraternal and religious and temperance organization of women should devote every spare moment towards the discouraging of the appalling practices of which even hardened men of the world, such as editors, are almost afraid to speak. The great number of those innocent of these matters may doubt the existence of what has been referred to, and be shocked even by this exceedingly reticent reference to the subject, but they may satisfy themselves of the widespread existence of this defiance of nature by reading some of the advertisements in almost all of the daily papers, by asking their family physician, or by enquiring privately of the average druggist regarding the ap-

pliances which he keeps for sale. Therefore if this unnatural condition exists and is not a blessing, as Mr. James asserts it is, but a vice and a crime, as Bishop Ripon preaches and as my clerical correspondent evidently believes, the W.C.T.U. could not better employ their energies than in a crusade against it. The time for silence is past. As the fear of hell is not now considered as the best means of driving people heavenward, so the fear of consequences of a child-bearing sort can hardly be regarded, as in the past, one of the most potent incentives to feminine virtue.

It appears that Lord William Mackenzie, first duke of Canada Northern and Over Boss of Toronto Railway, together with Me Lud Kerr of "Rathnelly," who are only two lone, insignificant men when they are buying clothes or paying for meal tickets, have undertaken to stop the bringing into the city of a large section of North Toronto, though the petitioners, numbering some seventy or eighty property-holders, are just as good people as those who would keep them out by virtue of owning about one-third of the property concerned. Both obstructionists have been able to seize city advantages and have nothing to gain but additional taxes, yet both of them have been given by governments what makes them powerful—franchises and subsidies in one case and a senatorship in the other. 'Tis thus our peasants feed on their fellows, grow great and become more lordly than the king, more selfish than the devil, and more overbearing than a champion pugilist.

THE "vindication" business never was much of a trick, anyway, but the way it walked up to ex-Controller Richardson last Saturday and kicked him in the neck was absolutely funny, though a trifle expensive. The ex-Controller is probably much less overcome by sorrow than his

for the by-law to save themselves from the harsh criticism of their non-Catholic neighbors.

While this much can be gleaned from the expressions of opinion reported from St. Catharines, the Separate school supporters still maintain that they have a moral right to a share of the taxes it is proposed to create. It is right here they make their mistake, and no doubt they are sincere in their pious adhesion to their error. No citizen has any inherent moral right to divert any part of the public taxes from that which has to do with the welfare of the whole community. That they have the administration of any of the school taxes is not a right, but a gift made them by weak-backed and soft-headed legislators in a political compromise. The Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists or Anglicans have just as much right to kick up their heels in any municipality and say they will defeat every proposition that is made for the good of the locality unless some of the taxes are given them to build churches or schools, as the Roman Catholics have to clamor for more than a share which an unwise statute already gives them. The demonstration made by the Separate School Board in St. Catharines was not only in bad taste, but from the point of view of their own church the worst sort of politics. The very thing which the best and broadest-minded Roman Catholics of Canada—and there are many such—have been spending their lifetimes in trying to disprove was shown to be a common sentiment in St. Catharines. The Separate School Board spoke of its constituents as a separate class of the community, and made a threat to use the Catholic Vote in a way generally conceded to be opposed to the public good. The very best of them now can scarcely deny that there is such a thing as the Roman Catholic Vote available for church purposes even when being exercised in secular matters. The very vote that threatens to beat a bonus by law to serve a church purpose can be pretty certainly relied

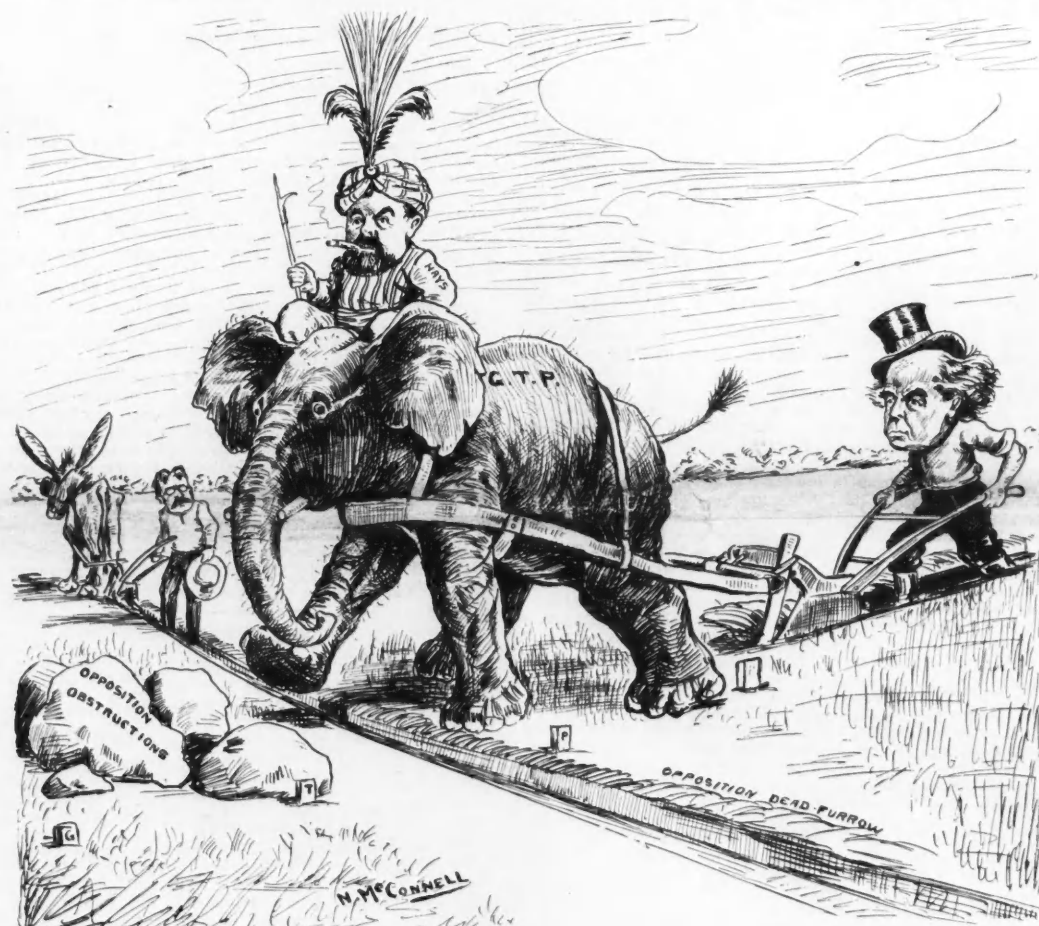
of tracks filled with trains running every which-way. Some fine day a heap of mangled humanity will be dug out from under an engine—and then everyone will scramble to haw the bridge built in forty-eight hours. A few ounces of real business foresight is worth a whole trainload of post-tragedy hysteria, but this city seems to always prefer the hysteria.

ABOUT twelve or fifteen thousand working people of Montreal have been done up by a scheme which has been worked in one form or another for years—a scheme that always seems fresh and up-to-date enough to catch the people who are on the look-out for something for nothing. La Compagnie de Credit du Canada had been doing business in the Eastern metropolis since last June, and though the proposition that the "workers" put before the public was so obviously a skin-game, no one thought of questioning their right to exist until a few days ago. This bunch is not the only one of the brand that is prosecuting the same systematic swindle; Montreal has four or five other outfits in that line of business, and pretty nearly every grown-up city in the country could exhibit its specimen if it were called on to produce the goods. It is the laboring people that these wholesale confidence men get after—though they usually manage to work in a few widows and orphans on the side. Sometimes they call themselves loan or mortgage companies, sometimes private banks. One thing they all have in common—though their methods differ in minor points—and that is a flashy proposition to pay their victims higher rates of interest than are offered by legitimate financial concerns. The Montreal crowd went the limit by promising returns of five or six hundred per cent. In perhaps no place but Montreal would such an offer have been taken seriously. The French-Canadian will in his composition tends to make him an easy victim for anyone who will promise him something for nothing. When he is to be the beneficiary he has mighty little idea of what should be considered a fair profit. The more you offer him the reader he is to bite. In Toronto a company promising anything like five or six hundred per cent. would excite suspicion at once. People like easy money here, as has been seen, just as well as they do in the East, but the bait mustn't have too much red flannel on it—if the suckers are to be induced to take the hook. Our fakirs are divided into two classes. Some of them appeal only to the most gullible element, while others get after bigger game. When the little fellow is to be the mark a high rate of interest can be flashed without danger of frightening him; where the big fellow is to be landed a more dainty bait must be employed. Interest running from one-half of one per cent. to one per cent. more than that paid by solid banks usually succeeds in making a good haul from those with considerable sums to put out at work. The slight margin above what legitimate financial institutions can make money on looks like a sort of guarantee that the money deposited is being employed by the "banker" in the regular banking way, but at less expense than that to which the chartered banks are put—whereas if the "get rich quick" man were to promise what looked like too much, people would at once get on to the fact that he was using their money for gambling purposes. I suppose frauds of this kind will be worked as long as people are foolish enough to believe that "private banks" can afford to pay more for the use of money than can chartered ones—and yet use the money only for legitimate purposes. The market price for money is regulated in exactly the same way as the price of anything else—by supply and demand. If money is worth only four per cent., that is all that any sound business man will pay for it. If the price of cabbage is five cents a head, and someone comes along and offers six or seven cents, the chances are that he doesn't intend to pay for them. As it is with cabbages, so it is with money. If someone offers you something above the market price for it, you may be sure that you are paying for the increase yourself by the greater risk you run.

FOR the last eight months a Yankee professor has been conducting experiments with a squad of soldiers at Yale in an effort to discover how little food of how poor quality a soldier can live and work on without taking to the fall timbers. If the experiments had turned out to be a success, the professor would have unveiled a lot of remarks about the folly and danger of eating things and the wisdom and economy of starvation. Unfortunately for the seeker after freak information, the soldiers didn't seem to flourish on the stuff he gave them, and all the food wisdom that the investigator was able to hand out to the public was the same old thing that we all have been told since we cut our first teeth, "We eat too much; we eat too fast; we would live much longer and do our work much better if we ate only half as much meat as we do." This is the result of eight months of experimenting—which incidentally knocked the constitutions and brains of the victims to science into a condition from which they may never recover. There were twenty soldiers when the experiments started. Eleven let the professor do his worst, and came out alive; six had to be sent away at various stages of the game because they rebelled and ate meat; three made a bold break for liberty and grub, while one or two went insane. From the day when the tests started meat was entirely cut off the bill of fare. Cereals alone were used—and the supply of these was rapidly diminished till the men didn't know the difference when a meal was entirely skipped. Even those who saw the thing through expressed their entire disgust for the whole business and their desire to resign if they could honorably do so. Yet the professor thinks he has accomplished something. He has succeeded in getting himself advertised by those papers that mention his name. To the non-scientific mind there appears to have been no other good purpose to be served. Playing tricks on the human body has become quite a fad on this continent. It seems to be taken for granted by the "Progressives" that anything that our ancestors thought or did or even ate must be entirely wrong—and that the very opposite is likely to be right. Consequently, they start in to change things—and the inoffensive public is made to suffer for the vagaries of a crank who thinks change and bustle and commotion must necessarily mean progress. If everyone would be content to eat what he likes and what agrees with him, to drink something wet that will not hurt him, to keep hours that fit in with his business, pleasure and health—while giving the faddist the go-by—there would be less need for doctors, hospitals and asylums and more demand for dwelling houses, quarter-section farms and nursery maidens. It is this constant monkeying with this and tampering with that that knocks everyone and everything out.

THE following highly interesting view of church union has been received from a valued contributor. The article furnishes, I think, considerable food for thought:

"Church union is a subject at present attracting a great deal of attention not only in Canada, but in the United States. Just now the advocates of this joining of forces are satisfied with directing their efforts to uniting the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational bodies, but the object ultimately to be attained is something of a wider nature—nothing short of a universal Protestant union for protective and aggressive purposes. So unanimous do the Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists seem to be, and so few are the difficulties and objections revealed by the newspaper writers on the subject, that one might readily get the idea that there is but one side to the question. Looking at the matter in an unprejudiced light, I confess my inability to see that such a union would be either altogether practicable or an unqualified blessing to humanity. It seems to me that the reason for the existence of any one sect is to be found in a demand for it by a certain number of people. Each new denomination that comes into existence is in reality a protest against the limitations or excessive latitude of those that preceded it. This being the case, it would appear that the interests of the people would be best served by supplying their wants to the greatest practicable extent, rather than by reducing the variations in the forms of religious exercise. One can quite readily imagine the comparative ease with which one church could be maintained in a fully developed country of one race, where one temperament and practically one outlook prevails; but in a nation of mixed



A THROUGH RUN.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier—"Having put my hand to the plow, I will not turn back."

daily walk and conversation in municipal paths was not such as to attract the confidence of his fellow citizens, than that he was so foolish as to get out in the open and let a back-number like John Shaw beat the stuff out of him. No disrespect is intended as far as ex-Mayor Shaw is concerned, but he had really been put out of the running for municipal office in any ordinary contest, even though he retained enough of the people's confidence to beat Richardson three to one. Civic legislators, like preachers and editors, easily become back-numbers, and are quickly pushed into the background by those who are tired of hearing what they have to say. There were no soft places made for ex-Controller Richardson to fall upon; the electors simply kicked his feet out from under him and almost laughed to hear him drop. Personally, no doubt, Mr. Richardson is a "good fellow," but municipally he is evidently regarded as a dangerous person. If Saturday's election can be regarded as anything but a gust of moral side-wind such as occasionally blows like a tornado up and down our streets, we may hope for the "good fellow" business to cut less figure in future municipal contests, and moral and mental fitness for the office to be more conspicuously attractive than in the past. Men whose methods are open and above-board seldom have to go to the courts or resign office and seek re-election to "vindicate" their honor. Sometimes, of course, men elected to office to support a certain party and policy in Parliament have to resign and appeal to their constituents if they feel forced to change their line of action. There was nothing of this kind in Mr. Richardson's case. His wits must have gone fishing if he thought any large section of Toronto voters would take the trouble to go to the polls and by endorsing his candidature practically proclaim themselves satisfied that enough had been done to check ballot-stuffing and corrupt practices. Furthermore, his personal vanity, before it was punctured, must have been as big as a barn if he thought there were enough yaps in this city to return him to his office after he had been one of the chief beneficiaries of practices which had sent other men to prison. Nevertheless, there was a certain dash of courage about it which no one can help admiring, and it is this same impulse in the electoral heart which will heap everlasting contempt upon the other beneficiaries of the election frauds who retain their seats with a stolid indifference to the means used to obtain them and to the almost universal opinion that they ought to resign, and lose themselves in a nice, wet swamp in some back township.

THE supporters of Separate schools in St. Catharines, by latest reports, seem to have repented of their expressed determination to beat the Ross bonus by-law if a portion of the school taxes to be paid by the proposed factory is not pledged to them. As they put it now, they are anxious for the welfare of the town and feel that they will put themselves in a very uncomfortable position by following sectarianism rather than good citizenship. They also recognize the fact that if the by-law is beaten they will be accused of having caused the defeat, whether they do cause it or not, and the result will probably show that much as they would like to demonstrate their strength, many of them will vote

upon to defeat a candidate for Parliament, a policy or a Government in order to help the Church. The threat of the St. Catharines Separate School Board put their support of the canon law astride the neck of the civil law and good citizenship with such brazen effrontery that no one can be surprised that popular disgust frightened the more astute politicians of the Church into a probable abandonment of their programme. One can only wonder that either the ever alert Church or those the Church selects as the local figureheads of its school system could ever have made so bad a break, particularly when public opinion had been so recently aroused by the Sturgeon Falls affair.

In this sectarian connection I quote a sentence from an exceedingly clever letter I received, signed "Barrister," written in a very legal way, defending the action of the Legislature in the Sturgeon Falls affair: "Your bar sinister metaphor re the Sturgeon Falls school case may be pushed a little further. . . . A learned and eminently practical Canadian judge for whom you have expressed some admiration is credited with the dictum, 'It is the duty of every Christian to support his illegitimate children.' I think I know the judge to whom 'Barrister' refers, but I am afraid his dictum is misquoted. It is rather a paradox to say it is the duty of every Christian to support his illegitimate children, when certainly it is the duty of every Christian not to have any such, though, sure enough, the result of the Sturgeon Falls escapade must be mothered by the Church, though step-mother-in-law by the Legislature."

IN the case of the Yonge street bridge someone has either bungled or deliberately watched a mistake being made without giving the city a friendly warning. The lately deceased Railway Committee of the Privy Council got busy last fall and, after examining at length the rival claims of Toronto and the railways, passed an order for the building of the bridge at the sole expense of the railway people. As the order has never been signed by the Governor-General-in-Council, there is not much chance of its being signed at all—for the body that made it having been wiped out, the decision is merely a record of the intentions of a court that died in labor. The City Council is chiefly to blame for not pressing the decision to a finish when the order was once passed, instead of sitting down and waiting for the railways to tumble over each other in their anxiety to part with their money. No one could expect Shaughnessy and Hays to chase the Governor-General all over the country or to sit on his front steps till he finally authorized them to set to work. If it wasn't worth the trouble of seeing that the decision was regularly legalized, it wasn't worth bothering about in the first place. This bungle, however, is only what could be expected from the present City Hall outfit. One thing after another they take up with a rush, and then drop them before anything is really accomplished. It is altogether likely that at least another year will elapse before a new order can be obtained—and then the chances are that it will not be so favorable as the old one. In the meantime thousands of people will risk their lives making a break across a network

parentage, energetic enterprise and aggressive development anything like uniformity of creed would be impossible. If a nation develops in commerce, politics or education, it will of necessity branch out along new religious lines. Every original thinker that the country produces will make changes in the religion of his predecessors. The natural tendency of development is and always has been in the direction of variation. The law of evolution applies to religion quite as much as it does to anything else. The advocates of church union point with regret to the rivalries between churches, as if those rivalries were something unnatural and discreditable, whereas in reality they are unfailing signs of health and vigor. So long as anything can put out new sprouts it is a sure sign that it is alive; when it settles down as an established thing that needs no improvement, it is not long before it starts down hill. Take the best thing in the world, cut it off from competition, and you will soon convert it into an unadulterated curse.

"I don't think there is much danger of universal or even national church union coming in our day, or in the day of our immediate successors, but when it does come it may safely be predicted that the foundation of another great reformation will be laid. A united Protestant Church in Canada would eventually mean some sort of an 'Established Church'—something that has caused and will continue to cause a good deal of trouble in England. The tendency of all powerful churches is to become intolerant, grasping, powerful and corrupt. If we had only one Protestant church, there would be a constant race between it and the Catholics to fasten on to the big end of any public money that was going. Sturgeon Falls hold-ups would in all likelihood be worked by both churches for all they were worth. Where a church has too much power, politics and religion at once start to mingle—and instead of politics becoming moral, religion becomes political. The Christian religion was a very pure and healthy system before it started in to dabble with politics; but when statesmen discovered what a powerful instrument it was to make use of for their own purposes, morality went into eclipse for a time and the hypocritical tyrant had things all his own way. It was not until religious competition cropped up in the wake of a bloody reformation and revolution that Christianity began to make its way back to its original state of health. The fight that the first reformed churches had for their liberty should be a warning against the retrograde movement which advocates of union claim is setting in—though they call it by another name. If they ever do succeed in getting back to one church, history will merely have to start in on the old plan of repeating itself.

"But I don't believe the tendency of the country is in the direction of any real union of the Evangelical churches. The Methodists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists may actually get together and unite, but such union will in all likelihood be the signal for a dozen new sects to branch off from the three and start in to work out their own destinies in their own various ways. This nation is too young, too vigorous and independent for anything else. Newcomers will continue to flock in, bringing their bedding and creeds with them. Religions will be crossed with the same facility as that with which the different races blend, and the result will be something quite new and perhaps startling, but suited to the requirements of the children of mixed descent. Thus the tendency must be to branch out rather than to consolidate. Consolidation would be a good thing for missionary purposes—it would save money and remove the suspicion with which the prospective convert to Christianity regards a religion divided into many rival camps, as it is at present. But as a scheme for general adoption it will not do. Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists may unite, become conservative, fashionable and exclusive—or they may utterly disappear—but those parts of the population from which they have drawn their recruits in the past will be traveling their own way under some other name. In the present state of civilization consolidation has become all the go. Pretty nearly everything that can unite does unite. Churches are about the last to take the lead up. But whether you call it union, combine or trust, it is the same thing—an effort to defeat natural laws by eliminating competition. It may either wreck things or wreck itself, but in the end it defeats its purpose. The trust is the most conspicuous commercial characteristic of our times—and the characteristic with which the majority of churches find the most fault. It is rather odd to see three of the most severe critics of commercial combines emulate what they criticize. The commercial trust will have its fling—it is having it—but it is only a passing phase in commercial development. Though it has been in existence but a few years, there are not wanting signs already that point to its eventual disappearance. A trust with money as its chief stock in trade is finding itself opposed by another combine representing labor. When the two recognize that they are possessed of equal power, it will not be long before conditions get back into their normal state where supply and demand will regulate things as they were regulated from the first. The same laws that control business control religion. The people will eventually get what they want—and someone will always be ready and able to supply them with it, in spite of unions or any other conservation-of-energy-and-money devices that human ingenuity may contrive to invent."



The progress of the Horse Show last week from start to finish was gratifying in the extreme. In spite of weather not to be spoken of without using strong adjectives, the attendance rose nightly in numbers and each evening the first coup d'oeil took in more brilliancy of toilette and animation of expression. It was rarely one saw a bored face, and the statuesque and stony pose of the monomaniacs of Gotham as they sit under the stars and half audible comments of cheeky promenaders is not observed in this smaller community, where the popular promenade is largely monopolized by men, and the women who pass occasionally are more likely to stop and shake hands with the occupants of the boxes than to gaze at and comment upon them. Here in friendly little Toronto, everybody of prominence is much at their ease among friends at the Show, and although there were occasional sly peeps indulged in at the vice-regal box when His Excellency and his dainty daughter sat therein, the good breeding of the promenaders forbade them to stare at our vice-regal visitors. Lord Minto and Lady Eileen Elliot attended four sessions of the show, and His Excellency went in the mornings also, with a keen and knowing interest in horseflesh which has always ensured his popularity in the ring. Owners, exhibitors, jockeys and grooms vastly appreciate the fact that His Excellency's opinion is worth having on any gallant gelding or tidy mare that is entered for the Show. Lady Eileen was as lovely in her own girlish way, with her little enthusiasms and animated remarks and ready smiles for all her friends, as even her most ardent admirers anticipated. Needless to say, she did her sweet best to make up to everyone for the absence of the Countess of Minto, who was greatly missed. We know by this time to which member of our vice-regal family the weather man is kind, and that only one fair presence brings weather man to heel. It absolutely was too exasperating to see how the skies cleared and the moon shone out, after forty-eight hours of awful rain, fog and gloom, just as soon as the Ottawa train, with the Governor-General's private car attached, steamed out of Toronto. However, the triumph of the Horse Show is all the more notable in the face of Jupiter Pluvius' mean treatment. Lady Eileen went several very pretty costumes, one all white with white hat particularly became her, and each having that quality of fresh daintiness which seems to belong to both Lady Minto's frocks and our sweet young daughter's. On Friday she carried a sheet of sweet peas, which I heard was presented to her by the Daughters of the Empire. The two luncheons given in her honor by Mrs. Mortimer Clark at Government House brought together nearly two score of the nicest young girls and a few who were girls very recently but are now matrons who are apt to slip back among their girl friends with great delight. The guests at the luncheons were Mrs. Campbell Reeves, Mrs. Reginald Brock, Mrs. Bowen, Mrs. Ivan Senkler, Miss Ross, Miss Kathleen Cassels, Miss Beatrice Edgar, Misses Athol and Cecil Nordheimer, Miss Beardmore, Miss Louie Jones, Miss Jessie Kingsmill, Misses Mary and Helen Davidson, Misses Madge and Jean Davidson, Miss Melvin-Jones, Miss Audrey Allen, Miss Walker, Miss Ida Homer-Dixon, Miss Audrey Allen, Miss Christopher Robinson, Miss Eric Temple, Miss Sophy Hagarty, Miss Gertrude Brock, Miss Aileen Gooderham, Miss Marjorie Mowat, Miss Florence Blake, Miss Ethel Baldwin, Miss Aimee Falconbridge, Miss Mollie Waldie and Miss Jessie Coates. His Honor invited a few gentlemen each evening for dinner and quite a large and smart party supped at Government House on Friday night. Everyone wanted to arrange about twenty things in honor of His Excellency and Lady Eileen's visit, but what could be done in two days and an evening more than has been recorded? It was with many hearty words that the friends of the distinguished party bade them farewell on Saturday evening, when at a quarter to ten they left the Horse Show and drove off to their car.

Among the visitors in town for the Show was Mrs. Willie Hope of Montreal, formerly "Connie" Jarvis, daughter of Mr. Arthur Jarvis, who came with her sister, Mrs. Harry Gamble, and Mr. Gamble, with whom she stopped during her short visit. The bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, were also greeted and congratulated by Toronto friends. Mr. Richardson is a son of Canon Richardson of London. Mr. Adam Beck was in town on Saturday, and came in to the Show. Leaving for home on the late afternoon train, the Mayor of London the less came down alone. Mrs. Beck and Baby Marian being out of it this year. I heard people recalling the charming picture Mrs. Beck made as she drove her smart turnout at a former Horse Show of happy memory. Mrs. Frank Maclellan, looking quite radiant in a smart white costume and hat, was down for a day as Mrs. Hendrie's guest. Judge Finkle came on from Woodstock and Miss Helen Christie Gibbons was down from London, the guest of Miss Louie Jones, and looked very smart in a becoming blue gown and hat. Mr. Finucane, from Hamilton, Senator McSweeney, Mr. E. B. Osler, Mr. Talbot from Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilton, the lady in a most becoming pale blue costume or in white with a surcoat of white lace touched with dainty color; Mrs. Sanford of Wexford and her daughter and son-in-law from Hamilton; Mrs. Hugh Guthrie, from Guelph, who is always charmingly gowned and a very pretty young matron, was the guest of Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones. Mr. and Mrs. Montague Allan of Montreal were the Master's guests at Chudleigh, as was also Mr. Fred Beardmore, whose small son has been here for two or three weeks, and one day got as far as the door of the Show, as far as for eighteen-months-old is perhaps wise. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Rogers of Hamilton were Mrs. Warwick's guests at Sunnyside, and were much welcomed. Mrs. D. Mann had Mrs. Galt as her guest at the Show. Several Montreal and Ottawa girls came to town for the week's end. On Saturday there was quite a ripple of welcome as Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn came in, radiant with smiles and showing but little traces of her long and devoted attendance on Captain Kirkpatrick at Old Point Comfort. Down near the west end, in the Gooderham box, was Mrs. Albert Gooderham, whom everyone was welcoming back to gay doings after her protracted and serious illness. Mrs. Gooderham is slowly recovering, but is yet only a shadow of her former self. Many a promenade paused to tell this delightful woman how glad they were to see her out again. One of the visitors who had plentiful welcome was Mrs. Philip Mackenzie of Rat Portage, who, as Aggie Vickers, was so bright and popular. Mrs. Mackenzie looks a very happy little matron and loves her northern home. Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie, Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie, junior, Miss Phyllis Hendrie, Miss Violet Cramer, and Miss Jones, a niece of Mr. Hendrie, with Mrs. Hay and her little daughter, were day by day in the Hendrie box. On one afternoon two very well-known girls drove in the ring, Miss Marjorie Arnoldi and Miss "Dolly" Kemp of Castle Frank. Mrs. Jack Dixon was in competition with them, and another lady also drove. Mrs. Dixon looked particularly nice in her natty turnout and Miss Kemp was exceedingly smart in a white suit with coat with capes and white hat. Miss Arnoldi, who won all sorts of prizes this year, drives superbly and was frequently cheered and applauded. Mr. and Mrs. James Gray, from Chatham, were down for the Show. Major Maude and Captain Bell, A.D.C., were with His Excellency. Captain Bell has just returned from a trip to Egypt and other delectable lands, which he greatly enjoyed. His younger brother, who took his place at Rideau during his absence, went home last month. There were the usual dinners and suppers at the Toronto Club and at various private houses. The Horse Show seems a hungry function, for all the little feasts were thoroughly enjoyed. Major Forester gave a very smart supper to a party of friends. The Master gave a similar "festa" at Chudleigh on Saturday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Allan.

Among the prettiest women at the Show was Mrs. Ross Gooderham, formerly Lottie Taylor. A very smart and attractive girl in a fetching Victorian poke was Miss Begg, sister of Mrs. Harry Wyatt. She was Mrs. John Dixon's guest on Opening day, and seemed always to be someone's guest, being seated in several smart boxes during the progress of the Show. Captain Wyatt was her attentive escort. Mrs. Septimus Denison, looking very nice, and her young daughter Maude, were in the officers' box. A beautiful chapau was worn by Miss Melvin-Jones on one evening. It was in a very broad-brimmed effect, made of folded turquoise tulle with blue tulle "brides." Miss Athol Boulton, all in white, was a dream of sweet girlhood. On one evening she was in bisque silk. Mrs. Henry C. Osborne returned from New York on Thursday and attended the Show on Friday and Saturday, looking very charming. Mrs. Mulock, in a very stylish gown and hat, was once or twice at the Show. I have been greatly



The Awakening of Spring.

surprised on consideration of the numbers of regular patrons of the Show who from illness, absence from town, mourning, or other sad causes were not seen at the Armories at all. It shows how Toronto is growing, that their absence only left a blank in the satisfaction of their friends, but was not conspicuous otherwise, their places being filled by many new and welcome patrons.

The May meeting of the O. J. C. and the numerous June weddings will give us all enough to think of in the next four or five weeks. Already half a dozen weddings are dated and there will be a game race for the King's Plate, judging by the forecasts of those knowing in horseflesh.

A Criticism of Margaret Anglin.

The dramatic critic of New York "Life," known as "Met-calf," has various things to say concerning Margaret Anglin and the unsavory play, "Camille."

Counting amateurs and professionals, several regiments of ladies have attempted to be Camille since the younger Dumas launched that unfortunate young female on her career of immortality. Not even the many large volumes of the Century Dictionary contain adjectives enough properly to characterize each of these aspirants for histrionic note, but Margaret Anglin will be remembered, perhaps, as the moistest Camille known to greater or less fame. Her tear-valves evidently work on ball bearings and let loose a briny flood at the slightest touch. Even in her most joyous moments she exhales an atmosphere of melancholy, and it is difficult to imagine that a lady with such a gloom-distributing temperament could have been popular in the gay circle wherein she is said to have lived her life. The Gallic nature is commonly supposed to be joyous in itself and rather to shun the lack of it in others. Tuberculosis does not inspire lightness of heart in France any more than elsewhere, but even before it gave its first warning cough in the present case, Marguerite Gauthier seemed to be anticipating her fate and rather revelling in it in an unhappy way. To the part Miss Anglin brings her sympathetic voice and agreeable enunciation. Her readings are intelligent, but her performance as a whole was gray in tone and unimpressive in any of its features.

"Camille" will doubtless continue to be played as long as there are actresses on earth. And many unfortunate audiences and critics will have to witness many unhappy performances of the unhappy play.

A Song of Seed-Time.

"Whoa! haw!" cheerily
Over the fields they cry,
Glad with yielding of the soil
And brightness of the sky;
Farmer and horse and hired man,
Harrow and horse and plow,
"Whoa! haw!" hear the cry,
"Steady, I tell ye now!"
Over the field in straggling line
Ever and on they go,
And watchful on his lofty pine
Sitteth the thoughtful crow.

"Whoa! haw!" merrily,
Downward the western sun,
And to and fro and back and forth,
Till their work is done,
Farmer and horse and hired man,
Harrow and horse and plow,
Then through the bars to the barnyard,
To chores and waiting mow;
Into the barn in straggling line,
Feeding out stalks and hay,
And from his watch on the lofty pine
Flieeth the crow away.
—Frank H. Sweet in "Lippincott's Magazine."

In Search of a Complexion.

It is not to be denied that the modern magazine consists in the abundance of the advertising matter which it possesses. The stories may be flat and unprofitable, the articles on trusts and the tendencies of modern poetry may be flavorless; but the pages where picturesque poems and festooned corsets bloom in monthly splendor must fascinate our gaze or the publication is in vain and the breakfast foods have lost their cereal charm. The hosts who pore over the exquisite massage and shampoo pages must have come to the conclusion that woman is in pursuit of a complexion and that man is in terror of a bald head.

Nor is this a modern quest on the part of would-be-lovely woman. The Roman matrons sought out all manner of pastes and lotions wherewith to rejuvenate their wrinkling skin. May not some of the queer inscriptions that learned men are digging out of ancient Nineveh, or whatever dead old town they think they have discovered, be merely directions for the making of an Assyrian Balm that will give the glow and delicacy of youth to the cheek of the middle-aged? Perhaps we shall some day find a strange old slab that will tell us what magic ointment Cleopatra used to make her world declare "age cannot wither her." Or will the ruins of ancient Troy reveal to us the ingredients of the massage cream that Helen applied to the confusion of Paris? He who would make a fortune must minister to woman's vanity or to man's thirst. He must compound a new and expensive cosmetic or a wonderful cocktail.

Magic.

A clever magician, one sultry noon,
Did a trick which few men can—
He turned a corner into a saloon,
And a high-ball into a man.

A Scathing Retort.

An English lawyer who had been cross-examining a witness for some time and who had sorely taxed the patience of the judge, jury and every one in the court, was finally asked by the court to conclude his cross-examination. Before telling the witness to stand down he accosted him with this parting sarcasm:

Ah, you're a clever fellow—a very clever fellow. We can all see that.
The witness leaned over from the box and quietly retorted:
"I would return the compliment if I were not on oath."
"Personalia."

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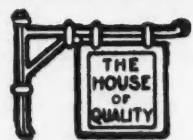
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gloves.Yes, and suspenders—
fancy half-hose—silk under-
wear—tuxedo and opera
hats as well.

Fairweather's

84 and 86 Yonge Street

Mrs. Backus, M.D., has been visiting
Miss McLean Howard at her home in
Parkdale, and was an interested visitor
at the Horse Show on opening day.Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly is giving a
dance on May 11 for her eldest daughter's
debut. Miss Vivien was looking
very sweet and fair at the Horse
Show, and everyone regretted that Mrs.
Kerr's severe illness prevented the
coming-out dance occurring earlier in
the year.Mrs. J. W. Flavell is expected home
from the South to-day. Report says
that her trip and treatment have per-
fectly restored her health, which will
be pleasant news to her many Toronto
friends.Miss Dupont and Miss Amy Dupont
leave to-day, I am told, for a summer
at the West Coast, where they have
relatives. During their absence they
have rented their house in Madison
avenue to Mr. and Mrs. Jim Macken-
zie of Huron street.The warm weather of this week came
most opportunely for some persons who
had arranged to make an early move
to the Island. Already several families
are over.Mr. and Mrs. McNutt will leave 64
Madison avenue on June 1, and Mrs.
Walter S. Lee will return to her home,
which Mr. McNutt leased during Mrs.
Lee's absence in England. Major and
Mrs. Charles Selwyn are now in Simla,
and news from this week tells of the
recovery of their little one from her
illness. The marriage of Mr. Charles
Lee and Miss Playfair will be one of
the early June weddings, and I believe
the young couple will spend some time
with Mrs. Walter S. Lee after the
honeymoon.The death of Mr. A. S. Irving has
taken from a loving little family circle
and many friends a man everyone re-
spected and esteemed. Mr. Irving has
in church and business circles been a
man "sans peur et sans reproche," and
his memory is fragrant with good and
gentle deeds and upright and worthy
methods. Mrs. Irving has everyone's
heartiest sympathy in the loss of a
husband who was ideal in his kindness
and love, and upon whom she was al-
ways most dependent.Everyone who contributed to the tea-
room at the Armories during the Horse
Show and its many patrons and its
charming corps of assistants will be
pleased to know how successful the
venture has been, and that the funds of
the S.P.C.A. will be the better by about
two hundred and fifty dollars. The
ladies and gentlemen who so kindly
provided many of the dainties illus-
trated the proverb that "many a mickle
makes a muckle," for their contribu-
tions were large in number rather than
individually, and sufficed amply for
the needs. Mrs. Stewart Houston has
received from Miss Gwynne ten and
from Mrs. Gosling and Mr. Epper each
five dollars toward the society's yearly
expenses. A membership in the society
costs one dollar a year, and it is
hoped to establish a sufficient fund for
the membership fees to run the society,
leaving special donations for the pur-
chase of lethal chambers and other
indispensable fixtures for the merciful
dealing with dumb animals. To give
some idea of the distinguished interest
taken in the tea-room venture I shall
give the names of contributors, some
of whose dainties I had the good Mrs.
Ramsay Wright, Mrs. G. R. R. Cock-
burn, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Yarker,
Mrs. J. I. and Miss Davidson, Mrs. H.
C. Osborne, Mrs. Plumb, Mrs. Meiford,
Boulton, Mrs. William Mackenzie, Mrs.
Buchan, Mrs. James, Mrs. Victor Wil-
liams, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Bickford,
Mrs. Osler, Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mrs.
Hal Osler, Mrs. Tripp, Mrs. Leighton,
Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. Barwick,
Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Dobie, Mrs. Charles
Mitchell, Mrs. Millicamp, Mrs. Murray
Alexander, Mrs. Thomas Hodgins,
Mrs. J. K. Keefe, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs.
Harrington, Mrs. Reeves, Mrs. Arthur
VanKoughnet, Mrs. J. G. Macdonald,
Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. G. P.
Reld, Mrs. Charles O'Reilly, Mrs. John
Boulton, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. Robert
Dickson, Miss Merritt, Miss Grace
Boulton, Miss Dalton and Mr. Kelly
Evans were the contributors, and vari-
ous florists and business firms shared
in the generous giving which helped
the tea-room to success. Mrs. Stewart
Houston feels much indebted on be-
half of the society to all these good
friends, and trusts for a largely in-
creased membership, for which the fee
may be sent to her at Cluny avenue.I hear that Lady Violet Elliot, the
third daughter of his Excellency the
Governor-General, is driving to drive
tandem at the Montreal Horse Show.
Lady Violet is a clever and sporty little
maid, and loves outdoor exercises
and animals with a healthy devotion.
Her performance in the ring should be
a great feature of the Montreal Show,
and I hope if she does attempt it that
her "gees" will be as good as gold.The Graphic Arts Club will hold their
initial exhibition at their quarters, 37
Melinda street, where the fortunate
friends of the members have enjoyed
the Bohemian hospitality of this new
coterie of the art fraternity during the
few months they have been established.
The exhibition will open on Monday
next and continue till next Saturday,
from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.Mrs. Arthur J. Jackson (nee Murphy)
will receive for the first time since her
marriage on Friday afternoon, May 13,
at No. 2 Elgin avenue.A correspondent writes: "The dance
given at St. Hilda's College on the 28th
of April was most successful, quite as
much so as the one given last year.
Among the guests received by Miss
Cartwright and Miss Keefe were Mrs.
C. C. Robinson, Miss Christobel Rob-
inson, Miss Strachan, Miss Hugel of
Port Hope, Miss Playfair, Mrs. Rogers
and Miss Muriel Rogers, Miss Greening
of Hamilton, Miss Winifred Cart-
wright, Miss Stevenson of Bradford,
Miss Olive Logan, Miss Walker of Cal-
edonia, Dean Duckworth, Provost
Macklem, Professor Young, Mr. Tate,
Mr. Owen, Mr. Harry Rush of Peter-
borough, Mr. R. Munroe of Peterboro,
Harold Keefe, Mr. Clarence Miller,
Mr. Laurie Suthers, Mr. Stanbury. The
young hostesses of the evening were
becomingly gowned, as follows: Miss
Keefe, in a smart gown of point
d'esprit over white taffeta with trim-
mings of white satin ribbon. Miss Mc-
Clung in green voile, charmingly re-
lieved with pink roses. Miss Pessenden
in dainty white muslin, with trim-
mings of Valenciennes, the whole
brightened with touches of red. MissHarrington in a white point d'esprit
over white silk. Miss Shepherd in a
princess gown of white eolian, with
angel sleeves. Miss Hewson in green
voile, with trimmings of cream ap-
plique. Miss Corry looked very charm-
ing in pale pink, a becoming match to
her complexion. Miss Scott wore a
pretty gown of white muslin. Miss
Walker, one of pale blue crepe de chine.
Miss Rush, a gown of palest pink mus-
lin over white taffeta. Miss E. Shep-
herd, a handsome gown of point d'es-
prit over pale blue silk. Miss Downey
wore a girlish gown of white silk. Miss
Morley wore a black crepe de chine,
most becoming in her tall, slender
figure. Miss Davis wore a sweet little
gown of white silk. Miss Weld wore
white point d'esprit trimmed with
white satin baby ribbon. Supper was
served in the library, and extremely
pretty table decorations, and in-
deed the whole effect was. The re-
ception rooms were decorated in the
college colors, red and black, immense
bunches of red carnations being used
to carry out the color effect."Mrs. Arthur Evans, nee Nash, of
Kingston, has been on a visit of sev-
eral weeks with her husband's people.
Dr. and Mrs. Evans, who have recently
left their old home in the south part
of Spadina avenue and taken up house
at 189 College street until a suitable
home offers for purchase. Mrs. Evans
leaves town immediately and will visit
other friends elsewhere. She is looking
very well indeed, and is a most enter-
taining raconteuse of her experiences
in far India, as the "mem-sahib" of an
officer in the Imperial forces. Mrs.
Evans and Mrs. Everard Cotes are
"Canadians abroad" of whom Canada
has every reason to be proud, both
being particularly brainy women.Mr. and Mrs. Olcott and Mr. and
Mrs. Berry of Melbourne, Australia,
spent short visit in town this week.
Particularly interesting was their stay
to Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, for
they had nothing but the most ardent
praises for Mr. and Mrs. Tom Tait,
who have been in the sphere they best
adorn made their mark in Melbourne
and elsewhere. One of the visiting
Australians is, I understand, president
of the Melbourne Board of Trade. The
travelers proceeded on their tour dur-
ing the early part of the week. On
Monday Mrs. Mortimer Clark received
the very agreeable ladies of the party
for tea at Government House, where
they were introduced by Mrs. Cock-
burn.Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn will
sail for England next month, and will
spend the summer abroad, returning in
September.On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Carrington
Smith gave a very pleasant tea in
honor of her mother-in-law, Mrs.
Smith of Quebec, who is visiting her.
The guests were invited from the older
set, as the little reunion was for the
grandmother of the last scion of the
house.The Misses Merritt gave a charming
small tea for Mrs. W. Molson Mac-
pherson on one afternoon early this
week. Mr. and Mrs. Molson Macpherson
have been spending a few days
with Mr. Allan Cassels in Wellesley
place. Mrs. Cassels is abroad—some-
where on the Mediterranean, I believe.On Monday Mrs. Mortimer Clark and
Mrs. Hugh Macdonald were in danger
of serious injury from a runaway horse
which collided with the gubernatorial
carriage. I hear, injured one of
the horses. There have also been a
number of narrow escapes lately from
careless or unskilled auto drivers, and
I heard of some very dangerous vagaries
cut up by an auto in which Lady
Ellen Elliot and one of the aides were
being shown about by an amiable
society man. The aide in question was
Captain Bell, whose disastrous experi-
ence with his own auto car in Queen's
avenue last June has probably made
him a bit mistrustful of any friskier
ones on the part of Toronto cars. The
elation and pride of the auto of last
week's capers or that of its driver in
his charming passenger probably up-
set them a bit, as the course for a
short and busy season was calculated
to clear the street.People are ardently taking up golf
again, and the links are busy, while
tea is the word at the various club-
houses.A very smart audience attended the
concert given by the Schumann trio,
Messrs. Tripp, Saunders and Blach-
ford, on Tuesday evening in Conserva-
tory Hall. Their performance is so
finished and their selections so inter-
esting and lovely that to miss this
concert was a serious loss. A couple
of visitors in town were quite de-
lighted with Tuesday's concert, and
find Toronto wonderfully well ad-
vanced in high-class musical culture.

Uncle Sam's Leisure Class.

Where does all the money come
from? In 1893 the re-trade fund this
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a lot of yellow ducks that laid only
golden eggs from which double eagles
were hatched, it would be more inter-
esting and profitable to him.—"Brown-
ing's Magazine."THISTLE BRAND
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what? Some time you come up here
play him dharma once more?
Buskin—Ah, you will be glad to see
me, John?
Sin Fat—My word! Sell em plenty
vegetable then.

Is Woman Inhuman to Woman?

SEVERAL papers and magazines have been discussing "Woman's Inhumanity to Woman," either seeking the cause or trying to disprove the fact. Unless you have lived among women of other countries you cannot judge this question, for here in America the evil is not to be compared to that found in European countries, or where they show the manners of those countries. No one who has not tried it can tell what a relief it is to get back to broad-minded, freedom-loving American women, after having tumbled and wrangled with the German or English woman of the same class. Our women cannot be so bad as is said, for one evening last week I saw at least three women give their seats to other women, and more tired-looking than they. Complainers of women should keep their eyes open, for here in Toronto we see many such sights. But, then, we must admit, in Toronto both men and women are more courteous than in other cities and countries. At least, in street car etiquette, although we do hear so much complaining.

One notices in women an unquenchable curiosity, but where here we find a healthy, sympathetic curiosity, on the other side of the Atlantic, a clever woman (and there are many clever women), probes and searches about in the very soul of other women, with a merciless disregard for feelings that makes an independent American shiver, and as a last resort she is forced to lie to protect her individuality, and though she may become tangled until she has no character left, when she is dropped as a thoroughly sifted and analyzed being she rejoices if there be one grain of self-respect remaining. They seem to enjoy making fools of anyone, especially a younger woman, who dares to be "different." Let a woman have the law behind her and she will wield her power to the most extreme limit, and any other of her sex who happens to be under her may well tremble, for life is likely to be a bed of thorns. I do not say it is always so, but very frequently indeed.

In America we have learned that this will not do, and a kinder spirit is gradually spreading. Its influence through our land is not to be overestimated, though to a lesser extent, cannot be denied. Now the question I would ask is this: How far is man to blame? since he is the one who asks the question most often. Will a man regard a woman who is seen to be on a friendly footing with a woman of somewhat "reputation" as a woman above reproach herself? Men of the same kind are tolerated sooner by men also. Why? Are people more afraid of a woman? It looks like it. Of course a man is broader than a woman, but if she is more lenient towards man than woman, so is man more exacting towards woman than towards his brother. Men boast of their superior knowledge of the world, and are apt to judge woman by appearances. She must be dressed becomingly, her companions may be dull, but must be respectable, and in the case of a wife, who is more keen on unimpeachable women as companions than the man? Women, it is held, dress to please the opposite sex, and more often than their conduct towards the world on the same principle? The majority of women are small, but in regard to women so are men. Isn't the same rule steps out from the narrow circle regarded as a suspicious character? Does a man look for the qualities in his wife that he insists upon in a man? Does he insist on truth, sincerity, nobility of character, largeness toward all the world in the woman he marries? Or is it her daintiness, her love for him as "the only man in the world who ever would amount to anything?" He is content if she have sympathy for him, and the less she squanders on the rest of the world the better.

If men had a higher opinion of woman she would have a higher opinion of herself, and if she regards her sister woman with suspicion it is because she knows herself to be deserving of suspicion and mistrust. Man does not seem to realize that he has the better position in this world. When do you ever hear a man wish to be a woman? And when do you meet a woman who at some time has not desired to be a man? Witness the struggle she has if she is forced into public life of any kind. The more she endeavors to become an individual instead of merely one of a "sex" the more evident does the inequality become. She has to work just as hard, and more often than not is more conscientious than a man. In fact, she does the same kind of work, but it is made ten times more difficult for her because she is a woman, and she is paid considerably less. This fact is not encouraging to women who want to get away from the narrow limits that have been set them, and until that occurs men and women also will complain of woman's inhumanity to woman. It is part of her narrow life. It is narrow-mindedness caused by her ignorance of the world and the trivialities to which her vision is bounded. So long as "man" is her only object in life so long will she continue to be jealous of, and often unjust to, her possible rival. If a woman is unfair as a rule to her sisters, so is man unfair to the men. Does she not believe them to be a great deal better than they are? What marriage would be happy if a woman took a man for exactly what he is? A man may know himself to be a fraud, but so long as his wife believes in him he feels there is hope for him. American men complain of their women that they have ceased to be good wives, and yet the American woman is the best to her sister-woman of any nation. It is because her interests are wider and she has ceased to be so primitive. But if woman gains man seems to feel that he is losing. Until man accepts woman on the same footing as he accepts man she will continue to be small and mean to her sister. Woman's goodness to man and pettiness to woman are of a piece. A view narrowed down to "man" as her sole destiny causes her to love and care for him in all his lesser needs, and to keep his attention by regard to the details of her "make-up." Anything likely to interfere with her efforts, pitiful and small as they may seem, is naturally an object of suspicion. No more man can ever know the side a true woman shows to her true sister. It is as beautiful and sincere as any true man shows to his brother.

"Our Lady" Again.

Adropes of Kipling's poem "Our Lady of the Snows," a correspondent of "Notes and Queries" says: "I believe that 'Notre Dame des Neiges' is the dedication of some chapel among the mountains in Switzerland, but I do not know whence Kipling got the title. He told me, however, that it had been floating in his mind for some time before the occasion for the verses arose. The facts of their composition constitute so remarkable an illustration of his genius as to be worth mention, and I think he will not mind their narration.

"The news of the Canadian diminution of the duty on imports from England arrived one Saturday morning. I was then staying at Torquay, and Kipling, who was living near, came over the following Monday morning. He spoke of the Canadian action, and said that, while cycling the day before, some lines had come into his mind about it, but he had not written them down. He thought of writing them up for a week or two and then publishing them. I urged him to do so at once, while the subject was fresh in the mind of the public (who were sitting in a garden looking over the bay toward the west). He said, 'I will come to your rooms, then, and write them out.' He did so, and then read them out. Dr. Rainford, or two, made a few alterations, wrote them out again, put them in an envelope for the 'Times,' and dismissed them from his mind. After lunch I sent them off by train. They appeared in the 'Times' next morning, and the same evening, having been telegraphed to Canada, were recited there at a meeting of, I think, the Imperial League."

His Limited Circle.

Solon was inventing his motto. "What do you think of 'Know thyself'?" he asked. "Fine," he answered, "but can't you get acquainted in any better circles?"

Sadly he began to search for a new trade-mark.

A Man Who Does Things.

TORONTO people have by no means forgotten Dr. W. S. Rainford, the athletic Englishman who left his native land to become the rector of St. George's in New York. In the May number of the "Critic" there is an excellent drawing from life by Kate Rogers of Dr. Rainford, which forms the front-piece of the magazine, and Jeannette L. Gilder has written a brief article setting forth the work and methods of this apostle of muscular Christianity.

Dr. Rainford, in speaking of the little chance for privacy in the families of the tenements and consequently of the lack of religious life: "We may as well face that. Their working hours are long and hard; they must be up before six in the morning, and, on the other hand, they are apt to stay up late at night. The greatest need in our city to-day is places of recreation; they are far more needed than libraries. Good, wholesome recreation is first cousin to religion; the rest and refreshing of the body go a long way towards giving the soul a show. I have studied the needs of the people and have tried to meet them. I wish rich men would give the people more opportunities for pleasure—innocent pleasures. I do not mean to endorse Mr. Carnegie's gifts to libraries. Libraries are good things, but in New York there are things we need more. We need pleasure houses far more in New York—places of amusement than will not degrade. For instance, I have had a good man come to me and say: 'Next week is the anniversary of our wedding, and I want to give a little dinner and dance to my wife and friends. Do you know of any hall I can get?' And I cannot tell him where to go. My boys and girls wanted to dance. I wanted a place for them, and I had to bring them right into our parish building, but it is not the proper place. There is not room enough. The church ought to meet the social needs of the people, and the social needs of the people of the tenement district of New York are not the social needs of the people in the Maine village nor even the social needs of Baltimore or Philadelphia."

Lady Curzon as a Detective.

Lady Curzon, who was Miss Leiter of Chicago, is a clever detective, and this incident could be made into an absorbing story by either Conan Doyle or Rudyard Kipling. A retired Indian judge tells it. He was dining at the vice-regal lodge one night, and the conversation turned upon a sensational murder trial which he was conducting at the time. After Lady Curzon drew the judge aside and said: "I know an absolute fact that the man who is charged with that murder is innocent. Send a detective to me and I will direct him to the house where the real murderer is now hiding. I only discovered the fact this afternoon, when I was down there in disguise with one of my eyes."

Sure enough, the murderer was caught, as Lady Curzon had said, and the innocent man was released. This incident, becoming known, has made her very popular with the people of Calcutta, who are not used to English "mem-sahibs" taking so much interest in their humble lives.

Repatriate at Washington.

That was a superb bit of repatriate work. Foraker shot back at Senator Tillman in that memorable forensic quarrel in the Senate. And it is published now for the first time. In that debate Foraker accused Tillman of trying to destroy the republic and afterward her prosperity during

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My offer is made to convince you of my faith. My faith is but the outcome of experience and actual knowledge. I know what it can do. And I know this so well that I will furnish my Rheumatic Cure on trial. Simply write me a postal for my book on Rheumatism. I will then arrange to have a druggist in your vicinity so that you can secure six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure to make the test. You may take it a full month on trial. If it succeeds the cost to you is \$5.00. If it fails the loss is mine and mine alone. It will be left entirely to you. I mean that exactly. If you say the trial is not satisfactory I don't expect a penny from you.

Write me and I will send you the book. Try my remedy for a month. If it fails the loss is mine.

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the war and since. "Yes, you stood for slavery," said Foraker. "You have disfranchised the negroes who fought for our flag. You tried to pull down the flag in Cuba and Manila. You called McKinley an assassin. You king those who have made Cuba a state with all the liberty of Massachusetts, and Manila a territory with all the liberty of Massachusetts."

"Yes," said Foraker sadly, while silence filled the Senate, "I guess we both fought for what we needed most!"

The Japs and the Tub.

From time immemorial the bathtub has been an honorable institution in Japan. Instead of a cold dip in the morning, the Japs take their baths hot in the afternoon at about five o'clock, and, beginning at one hundred degrees, the tendency is to raise the temperature as one becomes acclimatized, so to speak. One traveler tells of the Karamazovs, who stay in the tub for several weeks at a time with stones in their laps to keep their bodies from floating while they are asleep. The usual thing is to have the tub on a bungalow without a barrel round beneath it, so that one can get into the water at 80 degrees and sit in it until it reaches 120 degrees. At this point a "griffin," which is to say a greenhorn, or a tenderfoot, usually has to get out, for it becomes literally too hot for him. But after a year or two of practice, he can manage 115 degrees at 120 degrees. The Japs themselves can enjoy a bath even at 125 degrees.

A traveler tells an amusing tale of how he visited a Japanese friend on a day and accepted the offer of a bath on the lawn. He got in when the water was tepid, and enjoyed it immensely up to ninety something. Just as he was thinking of getting out with his wife and daughter put in an appearance and began to wash rice at a well near by. Now, the regulation bathing dress of a Japan is like a footless stocking without a leg, or a bungalow without a barrel round it, and our traveler hadn't it with him at the time. He endured another five degrees, and then, with death by boiling staring him in the face, he yelled out with an involuntary yell that attracted much attention. The fact is, that in Japan everybody bathes in puris naturalibus. It is their way, and it is not till a European has lived for a few years that he or she realizes that, after all, there is nothing very terrible about it.—"Modern Society."

Carried off a Door.

When the old Edinburgh Tolbooth, "the Heart of Midlothian," was pulled down, Walter Scott secured the door and carried it off to Abbotsford. What, we should like to know, became of the old door of Cleveland House, that old mansion at the corner of St. James's Square and King Street, which, with its appendages, stables, etc., ran halfway down the street? The house dated back some two hundred years, and had to be pulled down to make room for such an immense mansion as to suggest whether it was not made so for safety in case of a riot. That little door suggested who crowd of interesting and eminent people must in two centuries have passed through it. Cleveland House, whose windows were broken by a Fenian explosion intended to wreck the Junior Carlton, did not long survive the old Duke of Cleveland, who looked to perfection the part of its owner.—"Modern Society."

Queer.

Jack—You don't really imagine that girls actually propose sometimes, do you?

Tom—Well, all I know is that this is leap year, and some girls are getting married who never got married before.

Uncertain.

"They are mere nobodies," "They look enough like nobodies to be nobodies."

Of High Descent.

"Woody declares his grandfather descended from one of the greatest houses in England."

"Ah, yes. I did hear a story about the old man falling off a roof he was repairing once for Lord Somebody or other."—Philadelphia "Press."

Not the Defendant.

"Are you the defendant?" asked a man in a Mississippi court room, speaking to an old negro. "No, boss," was the reply; "I ain't doing nothing to be called names like that. I've got a lawyer here who does the defending."

"Then, who are you?"

"I see the gentleman wat stole the chickens."

Jack's First Horseback Ride.

A jolly jack-tar ashore decided to take a horseback ride, remembering that he had never attempted in all his life before. He easily obtained the use of a gentle old Dobbin, but was unable to get a saddle. However, he led his steed up to a high fence and got down on him. For back on the animal's hips seemed to Jack the best place to sit, and there he sat and slowly rode along the village street. Some shipmates saw and cheered the procession, but one who affected to know more about navigating a horse than the others called out to his friend: "Jack, ahoy!"

"Aye, aye!" came the response.

"Jack, lad," the other continued, "get a little further amidstships and she'll ride easier."

"Avast, ye lubber!" Jack returned.

"This is the first time I ever commanded, and bust me keel if I don't stay on the quarter-deck."

And he sailed and he sailed.

The Good Man's Hit.

The good bishop, permitting his zeal to overcome him, pushed his written sermon aside and vehemently declared: "This whole divorce question is one that may be dismissed in a word. It is useless to go on arguing about it. People who have not been divorced and who do not intend to be divorced need not be told how iniquitous it is. To those who have been divorced and those who expect to be divorced or want to be divorced, I have nothing to preach. I waste my time preaching to them and the time they devote to listening to me is spent to no purpose."

But, accepting him at his word, the

congregation radiantly hurried from the edifice, taking to the automobiles and the golf links, and giving him enthusiastic praise the while for his good sense.

Another Lesson from Napoleon.

"It has been discovered that Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo because his stomach was out of order."

"That being the case, I suppose we may conclude that God fights on the side which has proper respect for the liver pill."

N.Y. "World" on Canada.

Some Canadians want an export duty on electricity sent from their side of the Niagara River to ours. If they can make that work we ought to be able to retaliate by imposing an import duty on such winter as Canadians been furnishing to us for the past six months.

Telephone Bore.

It is not the beautiful, the witty, and the distinguished among our friends who pester with their calls on the telephone, but either vague, dreary people with no resources in themselves or enterprising persons who imagine you can be of use to them on the social ladder. It is Mrs. Carl Hogenshneider who insists on repeating her twice-refused offer to drive you to Ranelagh, and young Jenkins who blithely informs you he will "look you up" on his motor.—"Lady's Pictorial."

The Hero Fund.

A correspondent of the Chicago "Record-Herald" has these words to say concerning Mr. Carnegie's millions for heroes: "Carnegie has again struck the world with amazement, and a large number of people have gone into ecstasies over this wretched piece of 'benevolence' which he calls a hero fund. The American people, lacking as they are in analytical power or they would certainly not be humbugged by a scheme so nakedly selfish."

The first point is this: Can heroism be put in a market and handled like merchandise? Is heroism a marketable commodity? Can money "inspire men to heroic deeds?" That a hero is rewarded at times for acts of self-defense is as it should be. But to put up a fund for the purpose of manufacturing heroes is incongruous in the extreme. The true man, the man capable of heroic deeds, will shrink back and cover his face with shame at the suggestion of so crude and vulgar a picture as that presented by Mr. Carnegie—"a fund to inspire men to heroic deeds."

To the real hero this must be excruciatingly nauseating. It is an insult to all manhood and a contemptible attempt at mixing money with divinely instinctive character. The supreme thought of the hero is not how much he may get out of his deed, but how much he may sacrifice. His joy comes not out of the reward he may chance to get, but out of the consciousness of a service for his fellow-man. Carnegie is very much like the man who came to Peter and wanted to buy the Holy Ghost for money. Peter answered, "Perish thy money with thee." The hero who is not to mix money with his deed, Carnegie wishes to prop up on money will probably give the same answer.

No, heroism will not hanker after a swim in Carnegie's blood money. Heroism is too exalted and too chaste to be dragged down into such vile pools. It is a pity that those finer sensibilities of heroism and women must be submitted to this vulgar shock that Carnegie has succeeded in administering to the world. But we should not be surprised at anything that this man may do. He is in for novelties in giving.

America should raise a protest against this proposed hero fund and rid herself of that influence which threatens to make money out of the very souls of men.

Finger-Tips vs. Bertillon.

The London police have abandoned the Bertillon system for the identification of criminals, and have adopted the method of taking impressions of the finger-tips with his own fingers, as suggested by Professor Galton to be absolutely infallible and conclusive. Within six months over 1,000 identifications have been made by the finger-tip system, a result so remarkable as to attract the attention of United States officials. India and China have, of course, long used this method, not for the identification of criminals, but for the identification of documents, knowing that while handwriting can always be imitated, forgery is here impossible. But if the finger-tips are so characteristic, are not other parts of the body equally so, and equally may there possibly be a connection between these markings and the disposition of the individual? The data now being collected by the police ought to supply valuable evidence upon this point. It is now a commonplace of orthodox science that every thought alters the molecular arrangement of the brain, and presumably of the whole body. Is there no way to bring more minute examination to bear upon these changes, with a view to their classification? Habits of thought unquestionably induce marked facial and other bodily changes. A man stamps his character upon his face and upon his carriage; but may not these changes have finer ramifications than are yet known? Any investigation of combinations of these markings, and the power of thought are peculiarly valuable.—Current Literature.

Sample Meannesses.

These stories of mean persons are collected by an English newspaper: "A millionaire and his wife who were shown through a building at Windsor the other day handed the attendant a halfpenny. It was explained that it was the only copper the millionaire had, the other coins being all silver! There are ways of becoming a millionaire, and also of remaining one."

The story is told of a grocer who, when retailing a quarter of a pound of jujubes, cut one in halves with a ham knife in order to make the balance true. A grocer had been handing a woman a few sweetmeats when she squared her weekly account. One night she asked what was the value of the sweeties. She was told, she mentioned that she did not care for sweetmeats, and preferred if he would give her the value of them in sugar.

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him a glass o' beer along there, an' he was bolting without standin' me yin. But I'll watch him." And he marched off his man.—Buffalo "Times."

Plain Speech.

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"To be plain and direct is always best," he said, "but to be plain and direct is to be uncouth—to be ludicrous."

A good example of that was afforded by a clergyman. He was addressing a congregation of fishermen, and he wanted to be sure they would understand him.

"The Bible tells us," said this clergyman, "that it is as difficult for a camel to pass through a needle's eye as for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. That, though, is a roundabout, confused way of stating the case. I should state it like this: 'It is as difficult for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven as for a shad to go up a smooth bark apple tree tail foremost.'"

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THE DECENT THING

THE chattering typewriters had ceased their gossiping, and the telegraph instruments down the corridor were snapping out in sharp metallic clicks the last edition. The electric fan in the corner sang like a grating bee. The hot, dead air from the street below entered at the open window, and skirled out into the corridor to fight with the heavy odor of printers' ink. The clock hands were crawling toward five, and three men were watching them crawl. If ever five were reached without a summons from the city editor, Jackson, the tall man with the briarwood pipe, would go to the beach; Fay, the man with the cornocob, would go home to his wife and three children; Barton, the cub, would go—well, he didn't know where he would go.

Fay, who covered funerals and such things, whined a complaint about people dying in July.

"It's the most sensible thing a man can do," opined Jackson.

"And then," continued Fay, unloosening his collar, "to think of their having the nerve to go and get burned! Bah! I can stand a funeral in a house where the blinds are down and it's cool, but services at a crematory, with the forced draft and—"

"Oh, cut it out!" cried Barton.

"I shall dream of that!"

"Barton! Oh, Barton!" It was the office boy with a call from the city editor.

As Barton hurried out, Jackson removed the pipe from his mouth.

"He's about all in," said he.

"Good thing," answered Fay. "If he can get scared out of this work, he is to be congratulated."

"It isn't fear. I know what it is. I've had it."

"Bah!" growled Jackson in disgust. "One could hold a more intelligent conversation with a rhinoceros on the uses of face powder."

Both men smoked on in silence. Then Fay said irritably—

"Your smile is far-fetched, and you aren't up against the proposition of how to support five on twenty per week. Damn such weather! The baby is sick."

When Barton returned to the room, Jackson glanced curiously at him.

"What cher got, kid?"

There was a strained expression on Barton's face as of one very ill. His lips were white and compressed, and beaded with moisture. He threw himself in a chair without answering, and folding his arms on the desk before him, buried his face, not weeping.

Fay went out.

"What cher got, Billy?" asked Jackson again.

Barton slowly raised his head. He had delicate sympathetic features, of the kind capable of hardening on occasion.

"What have I got?" he repeated, fiercely. "I've got another misery story. Weymouth has a tip that old Baxter, who lost all his money last year, is living out of town here in a garret with his daughter. It is one of his damn human interest stories. 'Go write up the contrast,' said he, 'the poverty, the dying old man, faithful daughter brought up in society now doing housework. Whooop it up for a Sunday special!' Why can't he let 'em alone?"

"It's a good story," commented Jackson without removing his pipe.

For a second Billy stared straight ahead of him, and then suddenly leaning forward, he asked in a nervous, pleading voice—

"I say, Jackson, isn't there anything decent in this world?"

"Lots of things if you are blind enough to see them."

"Then God help me!" burst out Barton, rising to his feet. "I wish I were blind! I can't look a man in the face now without wondering when he is going crooked; I can't look at the outside of a respectable house without wondering when a skeleton is going to stalk forth; I—I can't look a woman in the face without—Oh, I'm sick of it—sick of it, do you hear? I want to get back to the green fields, and the mountains, and the fresh air! I am sick of all this!"

He stood there with his nostrils quivering as though he had been running. Jackson arose and going to his side, laid a hand upon his arm.

"See here, boy, I don't want the responsibility of inducing you to remain in this business. I believe as the Frenchman said, 'It's a good business if you get out of it soon enough.' Only there are some of us who don't get out; couldn't get out if we wanted to. And we don't want to. That's the trouble, we don't want to. That's the trouble, we don't get out too soon. That's worse. It's—It's like going behind the scenes and seeing the tinsel, and the paint, and the wheels, without waiting long enough to learn what it all means."

Now listen, Billy. I don't set myself up as a philosopher, but I have learned this—there is just one decent thing in all this world, but that one thing makes all things else decent. Find it before you quit. Find it for yourself."

He looked at Barton a moment as though about to say more, but changed his mind and started from the room. He knew the lad would be ashamed of himself for his temporary weakness, and likely enough would hate him for his advice. But he turned back once.

"Say, why don't you come down to the beach and have a swim before you start? You are looking kind of white."

"No," answered Billy, with sudden stubbornness, "I'm going. I'm going now."

So he took the 5.30 train for Wexsex. The stuffy, suffocating cars were drawn over hot rails by a panting engine, leaving in their wake a cloud of dry, yellow dust. Men spoke solemn, and then mechanically, in emotionless monosyllables. A querulous babe cried in spasms. The sun sank red behind the parched fields, and left an atmosphere as parched as the grass itself. The brown landscape flowed past the car windows, a dark stream, like a sluggish tropical river. The monotony of it all was only varied by the sight of factories and huts, and yards full of broken and unclean things.

He leaned far back in the seat and closed his eyes. His mind became occupied with trying to find breath in the gas-laden atmosphere, and in thinking an exasperating air which he soon felt that he must hum in time with the clicking of the car wheels over the rails. It was an unpleasant task, but if he neglected it the cars would go off the rail, or something, and then there would be an odd, jumbled-up mass of twisted iron and splinters, with legs and arms sticking out. And he would have to go round and ask their names for his paper. Yes, he would have to shout into that pile of burning ties—

"I say, you with the arm sticking out, I'm from the 'Times'; what's your name?"

If the man died, gasping it, would that be a scoop?

He laughed mirthlessly as he straightened himself and gazed out the window again.

The lamps in the car had been lighted before the smutty-faced brakeman growled, "Wexsex."

A small boy was watching the disappearing train, and wriggling his toes in an uncomfortable fashion. A baggageman in blue overalls was making much ado over the single parcel left on the hot planks. Beyond the station Billy saw a few houses, lights in the windows; beyond that, darkness. He stood there stupidly, looking at the lights.

"Waitin' fer some one?" queried the baggageman.

"Yes," answered Billy mechanically. "Wait, ain't it?"

"Shouldn't wonder if we had a shower."

He wondered vaguely how much this fellow stole in the course of a year. He was of half a mind to ask him. It would make a good story—trusted railroad employee, country stationer, and so on. I reckon I'd better gorn home and tell my wife and be done with it."

What had the man been talking about?

"I tell yer, young feller, don't you never git married. That's when yer troubles begin!"

Billy turned upon him fiercely, with sudden madness—

"You lie! It's good for a man, I tell you. It's—"

The baggageman was staring in open-mouthed astonishment. Billy regained his senses.

"I beg your pardon, I—I— Where does old man Baxter live?"

"Old man Baxter?" asked the baggageman, suspiciously.

"Poor old man Baxter?"

"Dunno's he's so poor. He lives on the old Baxter place down the road. Keep up over the hill and gorn till you come to a little house with a flower garden before it."

The man sidled away, and from a safe distance watched Billy as he stumbled off down the road.

It was a pleasant road, a peaceful, quiet sort of road, with large maple trees either side of it and fields beyond, but it was full of a white hot dust that choked and burned. He hurried along unmindful of the cooling breeze trying to stir the large green leaves, unmindful that the air was freshening, unmindful of the night song of the birds. He continued to the turn, and kept on over the hill. By that sheer force of will power which a runner exercises on the last mile of a long race, he forced his legs down the hill to the house with the flower garden before it.

There was a light in the window. He stumbled and fell.

II.

When Billy opened his eyes he knew that two persons were bending over him, though in the dark he could not distinguish their faces.

"He's fainted, dad," said one in a voice soft, low, half full of fright. It was as though a shadow should speak. With an effort Billy rose on his elbow.

"I—I beg pardon," he said.

A man's hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"What's the trouble, lad?"

It was the voice of an old man.

"Trouble? I—I don't know. I fell." "I guess it's the heat. Can you walk a little?"

Between the two, still unconscious of where he was, he reached the cottage with the flower garden before it. They led him into the living-room, where a single candle was burning, and bade him sit while they hurried about for water and ice. Then he knew where he was—knew with a rush of ugly thoughts that nearly drove him again into unconsciousness. This was old man Baxter's home.

He closed his eyes. He had no right there, no right to see. He wouldn't see! He wouldn't take their cooling draught and then go out, his eyes still closed so that he should not be even tempted to describe what was within. But he heard a voice near him—

And upon opening his eyes he saw beside him a young woman clothes in dainty white muslin, holding out to him a glass in which the ice tinkled. He drank, his eyes still up, and he said, "You look very tired and—and hungry," she said. "Are you hungry?"

"No," he answered.

He should have been hungry, for he had not eaten since breakfast, but all he knew now was that the mere sight of this girl, so fresh, so pure, so cool, was as balm to his eyes, and through his eyes reached and cooled his feverish brain.

Then dad came in with an ice bag for his head, and made him lie back in the chair a few moments while this look the heat from the spot over his brow. He studied him in the feeble candlelight—an old man with hair snow-white and a clean-shaven face furrowed with deep lines just above the quivering nose and about the thin mouth, his eyes half hidden beneath shaggy brows. And beside him was his daughter, one arm thrown over his shoulder. Her face was his face with the lined nose and about the thin mouth, differing only in that her eyes were gray and his were blue. And both were happy. He thanked God for that—they both looked happy. He felt as though he had found a new world.

He discovered the outlines of a piano. He thanked God for that, too. The ice man him very comfortable and half drowsy. He would have liked to remain there so, indefinitely, just watching these two. There seemed to be no reason simple it was! He suddenly remembered who he was. He had no right there! He was a newspaper man! He had come to hurt them—to lay bare to the world, in the brutal confusion of a Sunday paper, the sweet privacy of their life! He was to bring the world into this house—the coarse, vulgar, curious world they had fled to escape! He felt as foul as he who spied upon a woman's bath.

Staggering to his feet he started across the room.

"I must go," he said huskily. "I must go!"

"No, no!" exclaimed the girl, "you mustn't go yet. There is no carriage, and you cannot walk."

"Ruth is right," added the old gentleman. "You will faint before you reach the road. If you have important business—"

"No, I haven't any business, only—"

Why, that was it; he hadn't any business. How simple it was! He returned to his chair with a heavy weight lifted from his shoulders. His thought up to now had been that he must obey orders, for that had been drilled into him as it into a soldier. Well, and if he would not, what then? His brain started to reason about the matter, but he would not listen. He refused absolutely to listen, even at the beginning. He was sole master of himself and that was the end of it.

"You are very good to me," he said. "I feel much better."

"You have walked far to-day?" asked the old gentleman, not to question, but out of sympathy.

"No, not far," answered Billy. "Only it has been a rough road and a hot, dusty road."

He glanced first at the girl and then at the father, with a curious look of doubt, pleading, and frankness.

"Do you mind if I forget a little?"

The father drew his daughter closer. "No," he said, "forget. This is the house of Oblivion."

She kissed her father's hair and smiled her assent, too.

"I have a sister who looks like you," went on Billy. "My name is Barton. I come from Maine. She is down there now among the trees. She big eyes the old gentleman bowed slightly.

"My name is Baxter. This is my daughter."

Bill rose, but she motioned him to be seated again. He obeyed, but he felt the big chair. Though still feeling weak, all the pain had vanished, all the fever. He felt as one tired and dusty does after a bath in a clear cold spring. Glancing at the clock again, he noticed how each article in the room breathed that wonderful word, "Home."

"Oh, but this is good!" he exclaimed. "You don't know how good this is!"

The old man's eyes and the young man's eyes met and they understood each other.

"You have learned early," said the elder, "I took me fifty years to learn what is good."

The girl was watching them both curiously, not understanding.

"You men," she said with a little laugh, "I envy you your power of learning. You learn—everything, and we women, we go on learning only by accident."

"Half of what we learn," said her father, "is learning all over again. We forget so much!"

"And we remember so much!" said she.

"And happiness is only learning what to remember and what to forget," said Billy.

"And we all get so mixed up and muddled when we try to be wise," she laughed.

And then they all laughed together, with the perfect sympathy of three notes going to make up a chord.

"But do you not play, Mr. Barton?" she asked, turning a moment.

"I used to play a little—the violin—but—"

The old gentleman straightened himself.

"Won't you try? I myself used to play, but now—"

He held out his palsied, trembling arm.

When he brought the instrument to the young man he passed his hand over it as a father often does over his child's head when introducing him to a stranger.

"I think you will like it," he said, simply.

And as Billy tuned it he felt his nerves thrill at the softness of it—the sympathy of it.

They sat there in the light of the single candle, she at the piano in the shadows, Billy in his chair, with the instrument tucked beneath his chin and his eyes closed, the old gentleman with his hand over his brow, as though in prayer. He spoke only to ask them to play some favorite air of his. Billy seemed to remember everything that evening, and she at the piano followed him almost intuitively with rich soft chords and little laughing hurries of her own, up and down the keys. And as they listened, each followed a different path with his thoughts—the old man, the young man, and the girl. But that which they dreamed that hour was sacred to them ever after.

The last air died away. There was a long silence, in which the essence of all those songs still lingered like the perfume of flowers just removed. The old man could be heard breathing deeply, regularly. Then Billy was conscious of a whisper.

"He has not slept so for long—oh, very long!" she said.

"Do not wake him," he whispered in reply; "I will go. I am very strong now."

He tiptoed across the floor, she following him.

"I am sure," she said, "he would wish you to remain. May I call him?"

It was odd, the way she asked if she might. He liked it.

"Do not," he answered; "such sleep should not be broken. You will thank him for me?"

He found his cap and she went with him to the end of the path. He hesitated because he did not like to say good-bye. Only his little form was visible in the dark, with just a white suggestion of the face.

"It is very wonderful how you two have come into my life," he said.

There was a touch of finality in his tone which she was quick to catch.

"But you speak as though you were not to return," she said.

"I thought so at first because—Why, perhaps I am to return?"

"Yes, I think you are to return," she said. "And—And Dad asks you to tea to-morrow."

She had gone.

When Billy Barton stamped up the office stairs the next morning he was whistling a brisk march. There was a swing to his shoulders, a careless poise to his head, and a brusqueness of manner which had not been his for many months.

The city editor glanced up as he entered the office.

"Well," he growled.

"Nothin' doin'," said Billy cheerfully.

"What?"

"No story down there."

A moment the editor stared at him. Then he said very slowly—

"Young man, I feel way down deep in my heart that your talents are being wasted here. I wish you God-speed."

"S'long," said Billy.

Down the corridor he saw Jackson, and made a dive for him.

"I've found it, Jackson! Oh, I've found it!" he shouted.

Then a broad grin slowly spread over his features, and he gave Jackson's hand a grip that made the latter wince.

"And say," he announced, "I'm fired!"

"So!" said Jackson. "What you going to do?"

"Do?" queried Billy as though surprised at the question; "do? Why, I'm going to Wexsex for tea!"—Frederick Orin Bartlett in "Atlantic Monthly."

Wisdom.

I never knew what sorrow meant When I had tears to shed. The tears that washed out bitterness And left content instead.

I know at last what sorrow is Who has no tears to fall. But only for life's tragedies A laughter cynical.

—Theodosia Garrison.

A Great Russian Artist.

Vassili Verestchagin was not, as many people think, a revolutionist. He was an ardent reformer, but never mixed himself up in Anarchic plots. But it is as a painter that he will be chiefly mourned—as the first Russian artist whose fame spread beyond the frontier of the Empire and became cosmopolitan. It was the things painted in his pictures, rather than their technique, which achieved success. His artistic methods, however, were more academic than one is apt to suppose.

Soaked in Coffee.

Until too stiff to bend over.

"When I drank coffee I often had sick headaches, nervousness and biliousness much of the time, but about two years ago I went to visit a friend and got in the habit of drinking Postum."

"I have never touched coffee since, and the result has been that I have been entirely cured of all my stomach and nervous troubles."

"My mother was just the same way, we all drink Postum now, and have never had any other coffee in the house for two years, and we are all well."

"A neighbor of mine, a great coffee drinker, was troubled with pains in her side for years and was an invalid. She was not able to do her work, and could not even mend clothes or do anything at all where she would have to bend forward. If she tried to do a little hard work she would get such pains that she would have to lie down for the rest of the day."

"I persuaded her at last to stop drinking coffee and try Postum Food Coffee and she did so, and she has used Postum ever since; the result has been that she can now do her work, can sit for a whole day and mend and can sew the least bit of pain in her side; in fact, she has got well, and it shows coffee was the cause of the whole trouble."

"I could also tell you about several other neighbors who have been cured by quitting coffee and using Postum in its place." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

His pictures smelt of the studio, and he was never what I may call an "open-airist." Many of his admirers regret that series of paintings illustrative of the New Testament which he produced after his return from the Holy Land in his hot youth. Loud were the protests against his almost brutal realism in dealing with sacred scenes, and, as will never be forgotten, the excitement accompanying their exhibition only reached its climax when a religious fanatic had dashed the contents of a bottle of vitriol over one of his most provocative canvases! Many will deem Vassili Verestchagin happy in the manner of his realistic. Ever on the quest for grimly realistic incidents, he has perished in one which is well-nigh unique in the annals of naval warfare, and which, had he been on board any other Russian battleship, his brush would not improbably have, in due course, perpetuated. But it was not to be, and all of us who lament his death can only hope that "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

"Truth."

Rather Mixed.

A Calcutta native paper says that "Messrs. Winston Churchill, Seeley and Beckett have practically burnt their boots while acting the part of Balaam's ass and blessing the Liberal candidates!"—"Madras Mail."

MESSAGE.

The Art of Massage (General and Facial) Electro Massage, Swedish movements, the Kneading method of treatment for diseases of the heart taught and administered. Patients treated at our office or at their residence as desired. References the leading physicians of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Forbes.

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Be Beautiful!

Skilful Massage in conjunction with a reliable cream imparts a sparkle and brilliancy to the skin which can only be achieved by a scientific knowledge of the manipulation of the lines of the face. To accomplish correct and satisfactory results, the operation must be based on a thorough dermatological understanding, possessed only by those who have given time and thought to its study. These results can be obtained by our Scientific Roman Massage.

Scalp Massage a specialty.

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Silk and Cashmere select designs \$2.25 to \$4.00.

WREYFORD & CO., 85 KING STREET WEST.

KAY'S "CANADA'S GREATEST CARPET STORE."

RUGS

"KAY KIND."

OUR BIG PURCHASE of Antique, Mirzapore and Cashmere Rugs, of which you have been hearing, is now to hand, and all are laid out on the First Floor.

It's really a wonderful exhibit, telling very plainly the story of this store's capabilities. The antique rugs have all been cleaned, making them look fifty per cent. better—but still the same unusual prices. The prices are indeed a surprise to shoppers—to those who know a good deal about rug values.

News of New Kind of Matting.

We tell of some Matting that have for the first time been shown in Canada, though not new to France or Italy. They are a heavy twisted matting, manufactured by hand and into mat shapes. Very suitable for summer rooms and verandahs. Colors are rich reds, green and blue, in many variegated designs. These are in sizes as follows: 6 ft. x 3, at 50c, 60c, 75c, \$1.50, \$1.85, \$2.00 and \$2.50; sizes 7.6 x 4.6, \$1.50; sizes 6 x 12, \$2.50, \$3.25, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$7.50.

Tami Mats, in wood fibre, with deep, rich, Oriental colors, cool, clean and inexpensive, size 2.6x5, 75c; 3x6, \$1.15; 6x9, \$3.75; 7.6x10.6, \$6.00; 9x12, \$7.50.

Dark colored inlaid matting in new greens and blues, 20c. or \$7.25 for piece of 40 yards.

Matting in lighter effects, very fine and close, 16c. yard or \$5.75 for piece of 40 yards.

Good line of matting by yard or piece, this is a fine cotton warp matting, good for hard wear, plain white 35c. a yard or \$11.50 for piece of 40 yards, fine inlaid matting 45c. a yard or \$16.00 piece of 40 yards.

Bamboo blinds in sizes 6x6, 6x8, 10x5, 12x8, at very low prices.

Out-of-town shoppers can always order from any of our lists, making sure of getting goods just as ordered.



More than half the battle in cleaning greasy dishes is in the soap you use. If it's Sunlight Soap it's the best.

My Lady's Gown.

When cleansed by our perfect process "My Lady's Gown" has the dainty freshness of a "just home from the tailor" costume.

The most fragile creations of the Dress-Maker's Art are not injured in the least by our method.

A Few of the Articles we Cleanse. Jackets and Skirts, Woolen Waists, Silk Waists, Wrappers, Dressing Sacques, Tea Gowns, Kimonos, Corset Covers, Night Dresses, Table Scarfs, Bath Robes, Laces.

Kid Gloves a Specialty.

"MY VALET" Tel. No. 3074 30 Adelaide St. West.

A Superior Skin Food.

Are you looking for a reliable cream for the face? Thacker's Creme Veloutee has just been put on the market after two years' private sale. Sold by Burgess-Powell; W. H. Lee, King Edward Drug Store; G. A. Bingham.

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R. PARKER & CO. Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto. 301 and 303 Yonge St., 50 King St. West, 471 and 1267 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East. Phones: North 2011, Main 2143 and 1006, Park 98.

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A visit to our Wardrobes is an education in style. We are showing the very latest designs in Women's Costumes, Coats, Waists and Skirts made up in the very latest fabrics. You are welcome to call and look our stock over at any time.

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Pure, Fragrant, Cleansing
A Safe Soap for a TENDER Skin
A good Soap for ANY Skin
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FOR HEADACHE.
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FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
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Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. Non-Habit Forming.

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Davies' CRYSTAL ALE
Beats 'Em All
It's so palatable, mild and splendid flavor.
TRY ALSO DAVIES' FAMILY CREAM ALE
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"Don't Worry" Clubs.

It is amazing how little value most theories have when you come to put them into actual practice. Just at present there is a protest, that has reached the proportions of a cult if not a religion, against the unrest and dissatisfaction of life, and we are continually admonished to accept things as they are, and not to worry.

"Don't Worry Clubs" have been formed by the thousands, and there is an organized effort to establish a sort of American Nirvana under the auspices of the new thought, or the higher thought, or some other kind of a thought that is going to raise us all above the trials and tribulations of life into a stratum of perfect peace and contentment where we shan't worry about our own affairs, or those of our neighbors. The chief apostles of this movement are people of unimpaired digestions and large incomes, who write beautiful essays about the folly of troubling about the present or agonizing over the future, but that is a mere coincidence.

As a theory, this is a peach. We are all willing to admit that there is nothing gained by worrying about the things we can help or we can't help, but the fact remains that the worriers are the pioneers of progress. Contentment is an admirable virtue, but an over-supply of it will land any man in the poor-house. The contented man sits down and lets his business take its own way. The dissatisfied man gets out and hustles and pushes fortune his way.

The ideal of perfect contentment in our lot, with no worrying over the needs or wants of to-morrow, is a beautiful one. We have all known families that possess the sublime ability to do this, and we have all supported their theory by helping to support them. When you find a man who never worries you will find a hard-worked little wife with wrinkles that anxiety has plowed an inch deep in her forehead, and when you run across a perfectly serene woman, who never troubles about anything, you will find a baldheaded man with hump shoulders, and fringes on the ends of his trousers, who is trying to run a business, and keep house, and look after the children, while the mother sits in a rocking chair and concentrates her mind on infinite calm.

As a matter of fact, the Don't Worry Clubs are a bar to progress everywhere. It is the people who don't worry about their children's education who fill up the country with illiterate citizens. It is the people who don't worry about sickness who spread contagious diseases. It is the people who don't worry about the future, and who spend every cent as they get along, who become burdens on their family and friends when they lose their jobs or get sick.

The Don't Worry Club will never build a fine city, or a great country. What's the use of worrying about doing things better than our fathers did? They say, "What's the use of building good streets, and libraries, and parks?" We are getting along well enough. What's the use in trying to elect honest men to office? We are getting along all right. What's the use of doing anything? Things will go on somehow.

What's the use in worrying about our neighbors' troubles? There isn't any, for nine times out of ten we cannot help them; but the heart that feels no pain but its own, the eye that is never dimmed with a tear that is not for its own grief, knows only half of life. It is case-hardened, impenetrable, petrified selfishness that keeps anybody from worrying over other people's affairs.

The truth is that man was made to worry, and he wouldn't be happy unless he could. The example of the placid calm, and the untroubled oyster, who shut themselves up in their own shells and never worry about anything outside, will never be the highest ideal of human usefulness and happiness. The Don't Worry theory won't work. People who never worry will have moss grow upon them.—Dorothy Dix in San Francisco "Bulletin."

The White Rose Child.

We called her Violet. But year by year, as each recurring summer counted her older, and the hedge-tops measured her taller, we know that Rose should have been her name—White Rose.

Before her baby hands were big enough to grasp the blossoms, she had stretched them out toward the rose-bush by the hedge. We held the pink-tipped buds to her and she smiled delightedly. When we left her she babbled and cooed to them in her baby language, her flower talk. For we knew she had been a flower, a little pink-tipped rosebud.

She never pulled away their petals nor touched them carelessly. Every motion was a caress to them. Because we knew how it would hurt her if she saw them wither, we brought her fresh ones constantly, and laid the withered ones out by the hedge near the rose-bush. We, too, would not touch them carelessly.

When she grew older and herself saw them withering—it was strange that she should do the same—she laid

Not on Meat

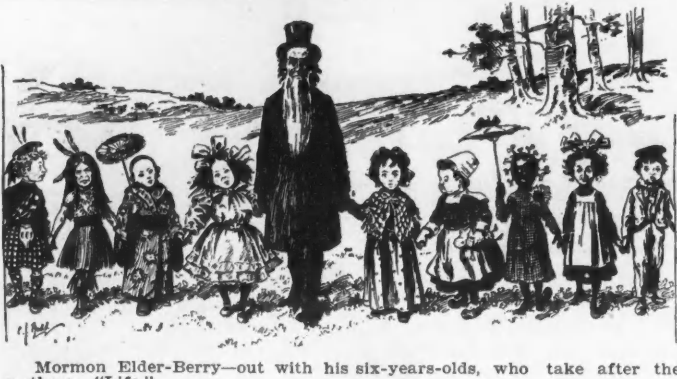
Man Couldn't Regain Strength Until He Changed to Grape-Nuts.

It's a common joke to say "He eats so much it makes him poor to carry it around" when speaking of some thin, scrawny fellow who eats as much as a horse, but it is frequently true if the food is not the kind the body calls for. A person might eat a ton of improper food and never get an ounce of nourishment from it, but put them on a Grape-Nut diet and four teaspoonsful of this food (which is all nourishment) quickly brings pounds in weight and a fortune in health and strength. This has been proved over and over.

A German woman of Chicago gives an instance in her own family. It's briefly told, but the truth is there: "My husband lost his left hand in an accident and lost a terrible amount of blood. He kept getting weaker for five months, and finally got a terrific cough. He would eat big meals of meat and potatoes to get well, but didn't get any good from them. Finally I persuaded him to try Grape-Nuts food, and from a skeleton of 83 pounds he soon regained his normal weight of 207 pounds and is strong and well, and declares he never had other food for the main part of his meals.

"As for myself, my flesh was flabby, I tried so easily, and my memory was so poor I could keep nothing in my head, but after three months of the Grape-Nut diet I gained 12 pounds, my flesh is hard and firm, I am stronger, and my memory has improved wonderfully. I keep a candy store, but I sell Grape-Nuts, too, for I think it is the best thing to give the children." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look for "The Road to Wellville" in each package.



Mormon Elder-Berry—out with his six-years-olds, who take after their mothers.—"Life."

them by the hedge near the rose-bush. "They are sleepy now. In the summer they will wake up." In the summer they will wake up. Strangers used to wonder at her passion for the rose blossoms.

"What can a little child care for the flowers?" We would glance at our baby then, furtively, and hope that she had not been listening. At first we dreaded the winters. But there had been no cause for us to fear. When the snow fell and covered the garden with a soft whiteness, our little girl pointed to the shapeliest bush by the hedge and smiled softly, as if with some secret wisdom.

In wonderment we watched her. In some vague, mysterious way we knew she did not belong to us. She never gave to us the love which she lavished on the flowers. There came a time when we could realize this without bitterness and sorrow. This little girl was not for us. She was a wonderful, mysterious child.

She belonged to the summer. And like the rose-bush, the hedge was the boundary of her world. One winter, when we had carried her out, bundled up in soft, snowy wrappings, to take her to where it is summer all the year round, she died in my arms as we neared the garden gate which led to a world she did not know. It was strange, strange. We never pluck the blossoms now. We are afraid.

But I am her mother, and since we placed our sleepy flower by the hedge near the rose-bush, it is winter always, always.—"The 'Lion'."

In Kentucky.

The moonlight is the softest
In Kentucky;
Summer's days come ofttest
In Kentucky;
Friendship is the strongest,
Love's fires glow the longest,
Yet, wrong is always wrongest,
In Kentucky.

The sunshine's ever brightest
In Kentucky;
The breeze whisper lightest
In Kentucky;
Plain girls are the fewest,
Maiden's eyes are the bluest,
Their little hearts are trueest,
In Kentucky.

Life's burdens bear the lightest
In Kentucky;
The home-fires burn the brightest
In Kentucky;
While the players are the keenest,
Cards, come out the meanest,
The pocket empties cleanest,
In Kentucky.

Orators are the grandest
In Kentucky;
Officials are the blindest
In Kentucky;
Boys are all the fleetest,
Danger ever highest,
Taxes are the highest
In Kentucky.

The bluegrass waves the bluest
In Kentucky;
The bluebirds are the truest (?)
In Kentucky;
Moonshine is the clearest—
By no means the dearest—
And yet it acts the queerest
In Kentucky.

The dove's notes are the saddest
In Kentucky;
The streams dance on the gladdest
In Kentucky;
Hip pockets are the thickest,
Pistol hands the slickest,
Cylinders turn the quickest,
In Kentucky.

Song birds are the sweetest,
In Kentucky;
Thoroughbreds the fleetest
In Kentucky;
The mountains tower proudest,
Thunder peals the loudest,
The landscape is the grandest—
And politics the damndest—
In Kentucky.

—Judge Mulligan in "Business Woman's Magazine."

The Gentleman and The Horse.

In any English novel if a man posing as a gentleman cannot ride, the reader puts him down as an upstart to be regarded thenceforth as a clown or a villain. Riding in the old countries is a necessary accomplishment for every gentleman. In many of the European tongues the same word designates both the gentleman and the horseman. Cavaliers, caballeros, knights and the Roman equites all were named from their habit of riding. The origin of this association of the gentleman and the horse is, of course, military. In an age when nearly all gentlemen were soldiers the gentleman rode to battle. Horsemanship in the feudal times was as important as it is in the American cattle country, though for a different reason. Every gentleman, as page, as squire and as knight, was obliged to ride, and lack of skill astride a horse was in those times positive proof of plebeian upbringing.

The development of commerce produced great mercantile families in the cities, and these gradually won recognition as gentlemen, but as a city family rose to wealth and aspired to rank among the gentry it invariably purchased a country seat, stocked a stable with good horses, and heroically took to riding. The notion that every family of gentleman ought to own a country estate is still strong in England, and especially in Ireland. Most of us have inherited from the past vague notions of an intimate connection between gentility and the ownership of land. And the ownership of land in the country is naturally associated with the ownership and use of horses.

In America, though feudal traditions are not strong, we still feel the prejudice against gentlemen that do not ride. The ideal American family of gentlemen is the New York patron, or the Virginia planter. We admit that a man may be a true gentleman though he doesn't own a rood of ground, but there is still a notion among us that a gentleman should have a country estate, Washington and Jefferson were respected none the less because they owned plantations.

As it exists nowadays, this notion that a gentleman should have a country estate and ride horses is, in a measure, a recognition of the narrowness and artificiality of city life. The lawyer, confined to his office, the merchant, bending over his ledgers, becomes a machine. He lives at the bot-

tom of a well, the walls of which are formed by tall buildings. He does not have a broad outlook. He never feels the fresh breeze on his cheeks or the exhilaration of a gallop across country. He does not take sufficient exercise. And in time he beholds him fat and waddling, warped and distorted in body and in mind. When such a man, used only to the ways of cities, goes into the country he is a very Pickwick. He cannot ride, he cannot feel at home. In a sense, therefore, he is ridiculous, and a gentleman should never be ridiculous.

The open-air life of the country, with its manly exercises, produces a sound body which should go with a sound mind. Physical qualities enter somewhat into the notion of a gentleman. The very insignificance of a man in a large city, where he is like so many rabbits in a warren, detracts from that dignity and individuality which are associated with the idea of gentility. Mounted on a horse and riding over his estate a man is a figure; he is somebody. He is lord of a domain. He is first somewhere.

This prejudice or superstition connecting the gentleness of the horse is open to ridicule, but it exists and is perceptible. Why is it that so many lawyers and other city men invest their savings in rural estates which they never pay and which eat up all the earnings of the owners' practice or business? Why, if not out of deference to the belief that a gentleman should be a landlord and keep a stable?

Wants all the World to Know

That Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Brought Back Complete Health After Four Years of Suffering from Dyspepsia.

After four years' suffering from indigestion and dyspepsia, Elzear Cote, Jr., of St. Edwidge de Clifton, Que., is a strong, energetic man once more, and he wants all the world to know that he owes his new-found health to Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and to no other cause. Mr. Cote says:—"For four years I was terribly troubled with my stomach. I was treated by three doctors, and they all told me the same story, I had Dyspepsia, but none of them could give me relief.

"Then I dropped the doctors and started to use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, and the results were marvellous. After the first box I had no more pain, and I was soon in splendid health again, and I do all my work. I am never tired. I am sure anyone who suffers from stomach disease can find a cure in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets."

To eat what you like, when you like, use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Don't Cross Your Knees.

A medical authority has recently uttered a warning against the habit of sitting with one knee crossed over the other—a pose which is nowadays almost as common among women as among men. This apparently harmless habit, it seems, is likely to cause sciatica, lameness, chronic numbness, ascending paralysis, cramps, varicose veins, and other evils. The reason is simple: The back of the knee, it is explained, as well as the front of the elbow and wrist, the groin and the arm-pit, contains nerves and blood-vessels which are less adequately protected than in other parts of the body. The space behind the knee contains two large nerves, a large artery, and numerous veins and lymphatic glands. It is the pressure on these nerves and vessels which is apt to give rise to the various troubles against which we are warned.

Bringing the Dead to Life.

An English scientific journal recalls some remarkable cases of resuscitation in discussing the actual danger of premature burial. There is on record the case of a man who was capsize from a sailboat and sank with weights on top of him. With the exception of his left arm he was entirely submerged for almost fifteen minutes; but was revived, though with considerable difficulty, and eventually recovered. Examples of recovery after periods of submersion lasting for twenty minutes, one hour, and even two hours, are recorded. Another interesting case is that of a criminal who was hanged, being suspended for twenty minutes, his death was certified to, and the body removed for post-mortem examination; but while the surgeons were making their preparations for work he suddenly sat up, fully alive, although he afterward died of pulmonary congestion. Another instance relates to the surprising experience of a Russian general who was shot through the head and buried by his orderly, who had satisfied himself that the officer was dead. Two hours afterwards the general reported himself to the Emperor; and it is recorded that he lived for many years, and that he served, incidentally, as a pall-bearer to the orderly who had buried him. Again, there is the case of a man who took 120 grains of chloral with apparently fatal results. His respiration had ceased entirely, the sounds of the heart were imperceptible, and there was no pulse at the wrist. After having been in this condition for some hours he was successfully revived and made a permanent recovery.—"Harper's Weekly."

Gramophone People.

There is something of the phonograph in all of us, but in the sort of eminent person who makes public speeches about education, and reading, and who gives away prizes and opens educational institutions, there seems to be little else but gramophone.

These people always say the same things and say them in the same note, and why should they do that if they are really individuals?

There is, I cannot but suspect, in the mysterious activities that underlie life, some sort of trade in records for these distinguished gramophones, and it is a trade conducted upon cheap and whole-

The Ideal Beverage

should quench the thirst, cheer and stimulate and nourish or strengthen.

LABATT'S
India Pale Ale

is well known as a pure and wholesome beverage, both refreshing and salubrious. You are invited to try it, and if found satisfactory to you to ask your merchant for it.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE AT ALL SEASONS.

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H. & C. BLACHFORD 114 Yonge Street

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demands the best ammunition you can get, and that is

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Absolutely the best on the market. Your grocer sells them; do not be put off with inferior goods, look for those with name "BOECKH."

sale lines. There must be in these demagogic profundities a rapid manufacture of innumerable thousands of that particular speech about "scrappy reading" and that contrast of "moderate" and "serious" literature the demagogues about in the provinces so incessantly. Gramophones thinly disguised as bishops, gramophones still more thinly disguised as eminent statesmen, gramophones K.C.'s, and gramophones R.R.s. have brazened it at us time after time, and will continue to brazen it to our grandchildren when we are dead and all our poor protests forgotten.

And almost equally popular in their shameless mouths is the speech that declares this present age to be an age of specialization. We all know the profound droop of the eminent person's eyelids as he produces that discovery, the edifying deductions or the solemn warnings he unfolds from this proposition, and all the dignified, inconclusive rigmarole of that cylinder. And it is nonsense from beginning to end. This is most distinctly not an age of specialization. There has hardly been any age in the whole course of history less so than the present. A few moments of reflection will suffice to demonstrate that. This is beyond any precedent an age of change, change in the appliances of life, change in the methods and materials of life, in the length of life, in the general temper of life; and the two things are incompatible. It is only under fixed conditions that you can have men specializing.—H. G. Wells.

War and the Fatal Seven.

It is worth noting that in the seventh year of Meiji (1874) there broke out the Formosan war; in the seventeenth, the conflict in Korea; in the twenty-seventh, the China-Japan war; and the present year, the thirty-seventh of Meiji, is again disastrous to peace.—North China "Herald."

Mr. Churchill's Chance.

Mr. Churchill has before him a brilliant opportunity. Our hope is that he may cherish his ideals of national righteousness, plead the cause of the oppressed, and be one of our leaders for many a long year to come.—"Daily News."

Bridge, the Reformer.

The separation of the use of bridge from its abuses should be aimed at by all lovers of the game, while its opponents, who can only see one side of the shield, might consider whether they have not at hand a game with sound intellectual amusement in it, which, if rightly used, would do more to promote temperance than any reduction in the number of public houses.



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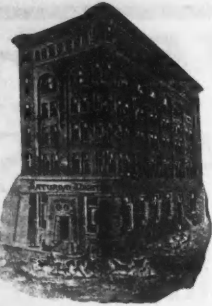
The London Guarantee and Accident Co., Limited
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or any increase in the number of ribbons, and lectures, and guilds.—"On-looker."

The Power of Hats.

No wife likes to see her husband in a ridiculous hat. Headgear is an ever-faithful source of domestic misunderstandings, but it is usually the husband who finds fault. Au contraire, a new hat may avert a quarrel or an awkward explanation.—"World."

When washing greasy dishes or pots and pans, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will remove the grease with the greatest ease.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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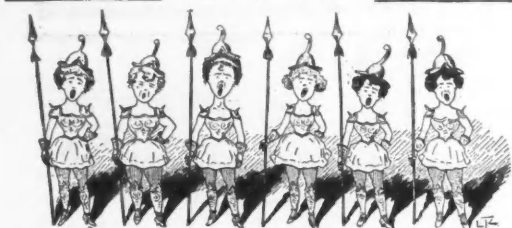
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DRAMA



THE revival of "The Taming of the Shrew" at the Lyric Theater in New York, with Miss Ada Rehan as Katherine, has been cheerfully successful to those who believe that "we needs must love the highest when we see it," and that Shakespeare is not played out. More than one critic wrote of how surprisingly out of joint the spirit of the comedy seemed with this day and this continent. It may be that its refreshingly strenuous treatment of the "woman question" gave a pungency to the policy of Petruchio that a more modern situation could not have afforded. Men no doubt read "The Taming of the Shrew" with feelings of unalloyed amusement. Women are grudging in their appreciation, especially of Katherine's farewell sermon on the subject of the whole duty of woman. As surely, these words fall strangely on ears that have listened to addresses from club women:

"I am ashamed, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey."
Katherine, like Tennyson's "Princess Ida," is infinitely more interesting in her untamed condition than after she has become meek and manageable.

It is difficult to say what scrap of fiction may fairly be called dramatic. But there is a novelette in the May number of "Ainslie's Magazine," "Debonnaire," that ought to make a sprightly curtain-raiser. The scenes are in Quebec and New Amsterdam, for it was in the days when the Dutch held the greatest part of the New World and when Daniel de Remy, Sieur de Courcelle, was governor of Canada that Louis le Debonnaire gambled and sang and won the fair Renee. "The Seats of the Mighty" fell woefully flat and came to the ground with the traditional sickening thud. But it is impossible to read this gay little romance of Franco-Dutch adventure without wondering how "Debonnaire" would look on the stage. James K. Hackett would make a fetching Louis, while Miss Bertha Galland as Renee would be just the kind of maiden to defy a wicked uncle and an elderly Dutch lover for the sake of dashing, soldierly "Debonnaire."

At Shea's Theater this week the entertainment opens festively with the comedy juggling of John and Lillian Hoover, who throw about cigar-boxes and lamps, not to speak of such common affairs as wooden hoops and wash-tubs, in a truly finished style. Then Mr. Frank Buoman, a youth with assured manner and a flat voice, comes forth and warbles "Bill Perkins Was a Sailor," which is a mildly monotonous attempt at the amusing. "Sing Sing" is hardly a proper ditty for a good place like Toronto, which has just signed her intention to take malefactors with seriousness. But the war bulletins read by Mr. Buoman are original and decidedly stimulating even in these days, when Japan and Russia frown from every newspaper corner in letters a foot long. The next attraction, Edna Wallace Hopper, is not new to Toronto, and is evidently a favorite, although her voice has neither sweetness nor strength. Her jewels are a limited edition of King Solomon's mines, and her gestures are more brilliant than graceful. She plays with vivacity the part of "Maude" in the playlet, "The March of Time," while Mr. H. Hassard Short as the youthful lover "Bobbie" is an ingenious and attractive chap. By virtue of a table that had belonged to the days of the Ptolemies a "spirit" is summoned and there enters Nerea, an Egyptian maid who wears a marvelous gown of green, yellow and blue, and is a singularly robust specimen of auburn-haired, blue-eyed womanhood for a spook from the Land of the Sphinx. Her everyday name is Lillia Vane, which is all too fairy-like. Nerea is incongruous and heavy, with too much of the Junoesque in form and voice for a character who ought to be as slender and mysterious as Ben Hur's "Iras." It is a sprightly little comedy which ends in the conventional embrace of the lovers, who have decided to face poverty and trust to luck. Fourthly comes Miss Lotta Gladstone, who is supposed to represent humorously the typical country girl. Lotta's laugh is fetching, her "saw, girls" is irresistible, her songs are "common," not to say vulgar, and we see too much of her. The encores are responded to on the slightest provocation. Then appears the best feature of the evening in the laughable one-act farce, "My Awful Dad," in which Mr. Frederick Bond plays the part of Adonis Evergreen, the liveliest old lad that ever refused to be anything but young, and jollied a charming widow into a second trial of matrimony. The elderly son, Richard, is well done by Mr. Arthur Buchanan, the widow in heliotrope is quite fascinating as played by Miss Georgie Benton, but Mr. Frederick Bond is more than a host in himself, being, as Sairey Gamp would hoarsely remark, "altogether bewitching." Miss Mildred Glover's performance is distinctly painful, since the lady's voice is the most rasping and lugubrious attempt at vocalization that has been heard in this festive springtime and should be heard to be deprecated. The pickaninnies are persons whom it is well neither to behold nor hear. But they are applauded by a few in the audience, for, as one suffering man was heard to mutter, "Toronto will stand for anything, I believe." Miss Frances Wilson, who is charming in appearance and attitudes, gives a popular exhibition of her skill with the punching-bag, which is enough to alarm any mere man by its feminine vigor, but which is highly appreciated by the men, nevertheless. Indeed, the spectacle of a pretty woman in white muslin gown making such attack with her snowy arms is the very poetry of punching. Mr. Al. Lawson, who looks very much like the gentleman in the first performance, does some extremely clever trick-work with a long-suffering bicycle, and the kinetograph with scenes of Cork's own city and "dear, dirty Dublin" closes an evening that has many enjoyable moments. J. G.

When it comes to amateur performances, the minstrel entertainment given in St. George's Hall on Thursday evening, April 28th, by the members of the Canadian General Electric Club, was certainly one of the best ever seen in this city. Admission was by invitation only, and those who were lucky enough to be on the club's list spent a very enjoyable evening.



The Major (not so young as he feels)—Ah, Miss Muriel, in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—
Miss Muriel (who wishes to avoid a proposal)—What a memory you have, Major!—"Punch."

The opening number of Part I, "The Knights of the Mystic Star," was sung by the company, and this was followed by solos by Mr. A. R. Sowdon, Mr. H. H. McFadyen, Mr. E. I. Jenking, Mr. E. B. Ross, Mr. W. H. Horner, Master L. Sievert, Mr. F. R. Beatty and Mr. Gordon Logan. Mr. J. R. Marlow acted as interloctor; Mr. E. B. Ross, Mr. H. H. McFadyen and Mr. G. Logan were the tambors, and Mr. H. Fletcher, Mr. H. Sowdon and Mr. J. Goldring were the bones. The chorus consisted of Mr. Charles Barton, Mr. F. R. Beatty, Mr. R. A. Clem, Mr. W. H. Horner, Mr. E. I. Jenking, Mr. R. T. MacKeen, Mr. A. B. Lambe, Mr. C. Macann, Mr. R. T. MacKeen, Mr. A. Maclean, Mr. E. D. McCormack, Mr. E. A. Morley, Mr. F. Mulhull, Mr. H. S. Salt, Master Leonard Sievert, Mr. S. E. H. Smith, Master Willie Smith and Mr. A. R. Sowdon, while the orchestra was made up of Mr. Howard Goode, Mr. L. O. Horner, Mr. E. A. DePote, Mr. William Freeman, Mr. E. C. Cooper, Mr. W. R. Draper, Master Whitby Goode and Mr. Charles Musgrave. The committee consisted of Mr. E. D. McCormack, Mr. R. T. MacKeen, Mr. S. M. Gray, Mr. E. K. M. Wedd, Mr. G. Logan and Mr. R. Graham. The results of the efforts of the musical director, Mr. M. de S. Wedd, were apparent throughout the entire evening. Upon his shoulders rested the responsibility of training the chorus, and that his work in this direction was appreciated was manifested by the fact that at the close of the evening he was presented with a case of handsome pipes by the members of the club. Taken as a whole, the performance was a great success; many of the parts, in the opinion of the audience, were played to equal, if not to eclipse, the endeavors of professionals. It is to be hoped that the club will undertake another entertainment in the near future.

For next week Mr. Shea has secured as a headliner Annie Abbott, the Georgia Magnet. This young woman is a mystery to all who see her, as she performs the most marvelous feats of strength without appearing to exert herself in the least. Other features of the bill will be Foy and Clark in a new sketch entitled "Old Curiosity Shop," Rooney and Francis, William H. Windom, Romani Trio, Bean and Hamilton, and the kinetograph.

It appears, from all accounts, that the citizens of Chicago were considerably stirred up over the presence in their city of Miss Viola Allen and her production of "Twelfth Night." Chicago is "grand when it comes to culture," as one presently discovers when discussing the classics with a "prominent citizen." When Miss Allen was playing at the Grand Opera House of that city lately, a prominent one approached the box-office keeper and asked, "How does it come that Miss Allen's engagement commences December 21st, when all the billboards in town say it is the 'Twelfth Night'?"

Box-office Man—"You are mistaken, sir; the date announced was the 21st."

Prominent Citizen—"Look here, young man, don't be too smart! I am not blind. The bills read distinctly 'Twelfth Night' and not the 21st."

Box-office Man—"You are quite right, sir."

Prominent Citizen—"Well, to cut this discourse short, what's the name of the play she is going to appear in?"

One evening, after the duel scene in Olivia's garden be-

tween Aguecheek and Viola, another "prominent citizen" was heard to remark in the lobby, "Say, this fellow that wrote this piece has got George Ade and those other musical comedy writers whipped to a cream!"

S-P-O-R-T

ARTHUR IRWIN'S fame as a handler of professional baseball players has spread all over the continent. He has the reputation of being the foxiest man in the business. He picks out promising young players with unerring judgment, trains and develops them until he has brought everything there is in them to the surface. For team play, too, his aggregations are renowned and ginger oozes out of every pore of a member of an Irwin team. He has the knack of handling ball players and instilling his science into their every movement. But there is one trait of Arthur Irwin's baseball generalship that has never been brought out. He studies the home crowd. He sizes up the fans of the home town and caters to them. The best team that ever donned uniform would be a losing venture in Toronto if the individual players did not suit the patrons of the game here. The class of people that most liberally patronize Toronto ball games will not stand for the rowdy ball player. Here it is not anything to win. The "fans" both in the bleachers and stands want a winning team, but above all they demand decency. The roystering roustabout ball player of the Bad Bill Egan style does not take here. The crowd here wants honest, respectable players—men who are decent both on and off the diamond.

Has Irwin sized the situation up? Just look over the team. Is there a rowdy in the collection? Just look them over—Harley, Murray, White, Carr, all of them, in fact—fine fellows both on and off the field.

Hark back to last year's baseball hero—little Louis Bruce, the most unobtrusive chap in a collection of quiet fellows. The Bruce style of ball players is what Toronto patrons of the sport want and what Arthur Irwin strives to bring here.

The Olcott Beach Cup, won by "Beaver," which Dr. Garratt and Dr. Scadding have presented to the R.C.Y.C., as a challenge cup, is a fine piece of silverware. It may never become as famous as "Canada's" Cup, which, too, is of American silver, but it will be a source of much lively competition in the club races.

Challenge cups are more prized as the years go by by the skippers of the winning boats than trophies which are won permanently in a single race. Pardonable pride is taken in exhibiting a cup that bears on its base the names of half a dozen or more famous yachts that once held the silverware against all comers.

The popularity amateur wrestling has attained in Toronto

and Canada is evidenced by the influx of wrestling entries for the Canadian amateur championships to be held under the auspices of the Argonaut Rowing Club. There will be from four to eight entries in all the classes under the 135-pound class, and even the welter and middleweight classes will have enough entries to make the competitions interesting. Those who do not follow the game very closely will be surprised to know that in the competitions not only the strangle-hold but hammer-locks and full Nelson holds are barred. As in boxing, if no falls result in the ten minutes allotted to each contest the event goes to the man who does the most aggressive work.

The 16-foot skiff class of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association is still retaining its popularity among amateur builders by reason of the comparative ease with which tyros can turn out boats of fair appearance and speed under the restrictions. Five 16-footers of amateur build are building in Toronto now. The 16-foot deep-draft knockabout is the coming small boat for Toronto. Its moderate draft will make it almost as handy for bay sailing as the 16-footer.

Lou Scholes, the Toronto Club's Henley entry, has had his shell in the water for two weeks now and is beginning to take off surplus weight. He has not ventured to do any hard work owing to the rawness of the air. CORINTHIAN.

Society at the Capital.

IF there is any truth in the old adage, "variety is the spice of life," certainly there has been lots of "spice" at the Capital during the week just gone by, in the way of entertainments, dinners, luncheons and teas having occurred on each and every day, with an occasional musicale or card-party thrown in.

Commencing with Monday, Mrs. Belcourt started the "ball rolling" by entertaining at another of the charming evening receptions which are already looked upon as some of the brightest spots in the season's long list of festivities. Mrs. Belcourt was assisted on this occasion by Miss Belcourt of Montreal, and her own three charming sisters, the Misses Eitty, Aimee and Josephine Haycock, to say nothing of the distinguished Speaker, Mr. Belcourt, and Mr. Ormond Haycock, both of whom added greatly to the evening's entertainment of the numerous guests, who all evening thronged the Speaker's cosy rooms in the House of Commons. Mrs. Belcourt wore a pretty gown of a combination of cream moire and fluffy chiffon, and in her hair was worn a wreath of pink heather; Miss Belcourt was gowned in a handsome black costume with jet trimmings. An orchestra discoursed sweet music in the hall, and several of the guests were good enough to contribute musical selections from time to time, the Misses Julia and Zoe Greaves playing some pretty piano solos and Mr. Logan, M.P., and Mr. T. Caldwell giving one or two songs. During the evening several of the guests retired to the House, where they had the pleasure of listening to an interesting debate from the Speaker's Gallery.

Mrs. R. L. Borden was again the hostess at a dainty little luncheon on Tuesday, when her invitations were limited to a few of her married friends, and the decorations on the table were prettily done in green and white, the hostess carrying out the color scheme in her own gown, which was of white mousseline de soie over green silk. Covers were laid for twelve guests, including Mrs. Rufus Pope, Mrs. Ryley, Mrs. Ahearn, Mrs. McGivern, Mrs. Duncan C. Scott, Mrs. Remon, Miss Ross of Halifax, Mrs. Travers Lewis, Mrs. W. G. Perley and Mrs. Robert Bell.

Two dinners, two teas and a card party completed the list of Tuesday's gaieties. Mrs. Sifton being the hostess at one of the former in honor of Mrs. Stevens of Knowlton. Mrs. Arthur Trudeau's pretty home was also en fete on the same afternoon, when Mrs. Alex. Taschereau of Quebec, who was the cause d'etre of many pleasant little functions during her short stay in Ottawa, was the honored guest. The hostess was assisted by Mrs. Archie Stewart and Mrs. Louis Howard, who presided over the tea-cups, and Miss Ida Tetu, Miss Mary Gray and Miss Lamothe also helped in attending to the many guests who came and went during the afternoon.

Tuesday and Wednesday of each week are generally chosen by His Excellency for entertaining at sessional dinners, and last week was not an exception. On Tuesday those honored with invitations were Sir Louis, Lady and Miss Davies, Mrs. and Miss Fitzpatrick, Hon. William and Mrs. Macdougall, Hon. W. J. Macdonald, Hon. Senator and Miss Kerr, Hon. Justice and Mrs. Sedgewick, Mr. Pringle, M.P., and Mrs. Pringle, Lieutenant-Colonel A. T. Thompson, M.P., and Mrs. Thompson, Dr. W. J. Daniel, M.P., Lieutenant-Colonel Pennington Macpherson, Mrs. and Miss Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Grant, Rev. A. W. and Mrs. Mackay, besides the usual house party, while those who enjoyed His Excellency's hospitality on Wednesday were Sir Frederick and Lady Borden, the Speaker of the Senate and Mrs. Power, Judge, Mrs. and Miss Girouard, Hon. Lyman, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Hon. F. G. Haultain, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. E. D. Smith, M.P., and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson and Miss McGill, Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue, and Mr. and Mrs. Middleton.

Tuesday's second dinner was that at which Sir Louis and Lady Davies were the host and hostess, honoring several members of Parliament with invitations as well as several of their Ottawa friends. A card party given by Mrs. C. J. Brooke completed the list of Tuesday's pleasant gaieties.

A luncheon on Thursday again claimed Mrs. Alex. Taschereau as guest of honor and a tea on the preceding day was also given for this much feted visitor. To the former, Lady Taschereau invited all the wives of the Cabinet Ministers to meet Mrs. Taschereau, and the following were also honored: Lady Elizabeth Cochrane, Mrs. Power, Mr. R. L. Borden, Mrs. Belcourt, Mrs. Jules Tessier, Mrs. J. L. Bigger, Mrs. Lelievre, Mrs. W. H. Davis, Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Panet, Mrs. Frank Beard, and Mrs. G. P. Murphy. Wednesday's tea was given by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and although small was none the less enjoyable. Mrs. Taschereau left for her home in Quebec on Friday. One of the most largely attended receptions of the season was one on Thursday, when Lady Davies was "at home" to about five hundred guests. Among the out-of-town visitors were noticed Mrs. Thompson of Cayuga, Miss Boulbee of Toronto, Mrs. Gibson of Marysville, Mrs. Arthur Gibbs of Port Arthur, Mrs. Riley of Victoria, B.C., and many members of Parliament, who find it a very pleasant recreation from their arduous labors once in a while to spend a short time with the fair sex.

Lady Laurier's reception on Thursday evening between the hours of nine and twelve was one of the notable events of the week, and partook of the nature of a musicale. Lady Laurier is a most charming hostess and possesses the happy knack of making every individual guest enjoy him or herself by providing various methods of amusement, and there were card-rooms for those who cared for a game of bridge, "sitting-out" rooms for the younger portion of the guests, while music went on in the drawing-room. Mr. R. Laurier, nephew of Sir Wilfrid, who possesses an excellently cultivated and very fine voice, sang several selections, while two youthful violinists, Master Allan Ross and little Miss Gauthier, the latter Lady Laurier's niece, gave two or three violin solos. Ottawa, May 2nd, 1904. THE CHAPERONE.

A Deacon's Damages.

The Iowa Supreme Court has handed down an opinion in favor of a certain Andrew McClurg, deacon of a Methodist Church in Valley Junction, Iowa, against the mayor and chief of police of that town whom he sued for damages, alleging they burst into his house at night and arrested him on the theory that he was a chicken thief, because some thorough-bred bloodhounds had followed a trail from a henroost to the deacon's residence. In the lower court the good deacon's claim for damages was thrown out on a legal technicality, and also on the ground that the mayor was justified in thinking the dumb brutes' instinct might be relied on. The Supreme Court takes a contrary view, however, and orders a new trial. Ten thousand dollars is asked by McClurg.

Blamed Boy.

A year ago a manufacturer hired a boy. For months there was nothing noticeable about the boy except that he never took his eyes off the machine he was running. A few weeks ago the manufacturer looked up from his work to see the boy standing beside his desk.

"What do you want?" he asked.
"Want me pay raised."
"What are you getting?"
"Three dollars a week."
"Well, how much do you think you are worth?"
"Four dollars."
"You think so, do you?"
"Yesir, an' I've been t'inkin' so for t'ree weeks, but I've been so blame busy I haven't had time to speak to you about it."

The boy got the "raise."—Frank Leslie's.



W. F. Maclean doing his usual sessional stunt at Ottawa.

Of Two Evils.

HE had poured into the country with the Barr settlers. This spring he is between the handles of a breaking plow on the North Saskatchewan, trying to forget twelve months of his life. That first year of a young Englishman in the Canadian West frequently requires a lot of forgetting. The progression of a youthful gentleman whose knowledge of farming is derived from his father's gamekeeper and a treatise on agriculture by an Oxford professor, from an English country house to being of material advantage to Canada in the cultivation of an unbroken prairie quarter-section, is sometimes a large order in the forgetting line, but by the time he gets his patent for his homestead the girl in the case will help him.

There is another girl mixed up in the story, for a good-looking man with a well regulated voice and badly regulated morals is likely to have half a dozen girls mixed up in his life's story if the right girl doesn't get a tight grip on him while young or the wrong girl doesn't weaken. This is part of the story.

He had left the young girl in England, recalling the days on the little Devonshire river and the walks from the rectory to the Hall and the Hall to the rectory, when they bided and rebided their little love castle in Spain, which at that time consisted of nothing more substantial than a letter to the Department of the Interior of the Government of the Dominion of Canada, asking for a pamphlet called "Information for Settlers." He had been particular in putting at the conclusion of the address "North America." He explained to her as they walked to the village post-office to despatch the all-important missive that the Dominion of Canada was not in the United States of America, but, strange as it might seem, was in North America, and she said she knew he was clever to be able to find out things like that. And he chuckled over his chest in the complacent English way at woman's adoration.

"You see, a fellow has to know a few things about the place he is going to put his life in," he modestly explained. And she told her mamma that evening that "Jack was so careful. He was even in correspondence with the Government of Canada about the estate he was to be presented with to induce him to go." And the mother had pushed back the golden hair from the sweet young face and said that she hoped that in the new land "Jack would not be wild."

"Wild, mamma! Why, he is going to be a farmer, and I shall have to superintend the dairy and feed the chickens. And O, mamma, it will be so jolly." And the young man became a Canadian colonist and was wild. The latent devilry of a succession of half a dozen English squires kept in restraint for over a century by the safeguards of established position and convention broke out in the lad before he had been west of Lake Superior a month, and found that people didn't care a hang who his father was or whether an estate was in a certain family three centuries or three weeks. The real estate that changed owners the oftentimes in a rising market was the kind they were interested in. He gravitated towards the Saskatchewan in the wake of his party to hunt up the estate that he and the English girl had outfitted one afternoon cantering through a Devonshire lane. It was there all right.

He did a little work on it with spasmodic enthusiasm, but he carried out the Tory traditions of his family and did not disturb the existing order of things on the quarter-section to any alarming extent. He lived in the little hotel in the frontier town ten or fifteen miles away, and would go out occasionally and convince himself that it was still there by tickling it with the aid of a neighboring Canadian settler who at a remunerative rate was calmly indifferent as to which was broken first, the Englishman or the homesteader. And he lived the life that is not put in immigration literature about the Canadian West, and which, after all, is the old, old story of weak indulgence and sin as old as the world itself.

Then the other girl came into his story—willingly. As a detail, it may be said that she was married and the brute she had promised to love, honor and obey would occasionally while away the long Western evenings in the isolated settlement by nearly kicking the life out of her shapely person. She was an Englishwoman and her story, which is another one altogether, would explain much which is not essential. A weak, kindly young man and an abused wife whose eyes have not lost their brightness make a dangerous combination, especially when the man's brain is inflamed by alcohol and his heart deadened by distance and disappointment. It was the last hundred pounds that would be remitted, the young Englishman's father had written, in concluding a severe castigation of his son's continued extravagance and reported dissipation, and the young man had cashed the draft and gone to the woman and read her the letter, and said words that only a woman and a despair-driven wife would listen to. They would begin life anew—together. Dakota was not so far away but that it could be reached before a brandy-begoggled husband could overtake them—a divorce in another country, etc.—the same old lying story.

There is a special providence for children, fools and drunkards, so it is said, and it was well for the happiness of three people at least that the liquor retailer at the bar of the Fringe of the Saskatchewan Hotel that night was potent. The young Englishman reeled into the sitting-room upstairs reserved for boarders and the occasional lady tourist. His intended companion of the midnight flight was there.

"Oh, Jack," she said reproachfully, "how could you?" "Don't say a word, like a good girl," he hiccupped. "Everything is all right. The horses will be at the south trail on the other side of the river at twelve sure. I got you the prettiest side-saddle in the West. We'll leave in about an hour. Then good-by to everything. I say, do one thing for me. I want to burn these letters. I've burned all the rest. Burning my bridges behind me, eh?" And his laugh was almost maniacal. "Say, be as nice as you look—but you look pale. Throw these into the grate, there, and touch a match to them—or take them down to the kitchen fire; take them anywhere. I got them by to-night's mail and they set me mad. I'll be all right in a little while." Placing three or four letters on the table he threw himself into an arm-chair and in a minute was in a stupor.

She took up the letters. There was one addressed in a woman's hand with an enclosure, evidently a photograph. She paused at the fire-place and then looked at the sleeping figure in the chair. She did not love him, but what was left of her broken life she was about to give him. He slept on, muttering in his sleep. There was one name continually running through the disconnected murmurings and the woman's name was not hers. It was more than the imperfect woman nature could bear. She read the letter, then stood and looked long at the photograph, whispering the last words she had read: "Write to me, Jack. My heart is breaking." The light within her was short. She burned all the letters except one. She slipped it into his pocket.

The little frontier town was in a ferment next morning.

"Don't blame the little woman for eloping," said the landlord of the hotel, a citizen whose opinion had weight. "No woman has a right to stand what she stood from that measly wife-beatin' beast of a husband of her'n. And what's more, the square thing will be done here. They'll get married as soon as they kin. I know him. He's white right through, and he's loved her square and honest for a year, and I'd like to see the man say different."

"I didn't think she was much gone on him," said the mail-driver, another gentleman of prominence in the little community.

"Didn't think! Heavens, man, what do you know about a woman's mind?" answered the landlord. "It breaks out when it's least expected. I tell you straight that when I heard that she had at last made up her mind to run away with the clerk of this 'ere hotel o' mine instead of that drunken dude of an Englishman I was summat surprised myself. I was, just a leetle. But that sort o' game is played with the cards close to the chest."

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

Rulers of Kings.

ALL the world loves a humorist, and for that reason the world should hold in high esteem Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who has, all unconsciously perhaps, written one of the most amusing books of the last six months, to which she has given the high-sounding title, "Rulers of Kings." The novel has met with loud bursts of applause from serious folk who ought to know better, although the New York "Tribune" is dangerously near the fact when it declares that the book is "unmitigated nonsense," but intensely interesting. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is announced in the advertisements of her latest outbreak in fiction to be a woman of great beauty who is even now achieving a social triumph in the city of London

and making her sister-scribbler, Miss Corelli, green with envy. Mrs. Atherton is a Californian who has already written several lurid volumes, none of which is a volume to be read by the Young Person. Indeed, if Mr. Podsnap of blessed memory were living now he would not let Georgina's precious young nose sniff the "greenery-gallery" covers that embalm Mrs. Atherton's romances.

The dedication of "Rulers of Kings" is a trifle startling—"To Poultny Bigelow, one of the small band of American writers who dares at all times to tell the truth, whose patriotism is genuine and useful and who has revealed to us so much of modern Europe." Poor dear Poultny Bigelow! If he dares at all times to tell the truth, the state of that "American" patriot must be unhappy indeed. Small must be the band to which he belongs and many the bricks that are heaved thereat. But if Poultny Bigelow be blessed with that fine sense of humor of which women are supposed to be destitute, he will sit up and say things when he reads the dedication which his female friend has so glowingly inscribed to his virtues. He knows in the depths of his heart that he would never dream of telling the truth at all times—least of all in the moments that he wastes upon the novelist who belongs to the frailer sex.

The first sentence of the novel is also a facer. Harken to it, O impecunious Canadians, to whom a railway grant of two millions seems a large sum!—"When Essenden Abbott heard that he was to inherit four hundred millions of dollars



Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Author of "Rulers of Kings." Courtesy of Harper & Brothers.

he experienced the profoundest discouragement he was ever to know, except on that midnight ten years later when he stood on a moonlit balcony in Hungary, alone with the daughter of an Emperor, and opened his contemptuous American mind to the deeper problems of Europe." Essenden Abbott is truly an extraordinary young gentleman, but as time goes on he becomes quite at home with the four hundred millions and also with the moonlit balconies of Hungary, where he lingers with the Austrian princess, Ranata, to whom Mrs. Atherton might have given a less "roddenly" suggestive name. The Yankee hero chums with the German Emperor, William, and jollies the ruler of Austria into bestowing the fair Ranata upon him, although the latter gentleman is so far impressed with the inferiority of the bridegroom that he insists that the princess shall be attired in a simple traveling dress for the wedding. Ranata gets even with her obdurate and imperial parent by wearing "an elaborate and beautiful costume of white cloth," also a hat "with plumes that were truly imperial." This sounds like an outburst in the social columns of a morning paper, and closes the romance in an eminently proper and becoming fashion.

The dominant note in the book is its obvious and insistent "Americanism." Dollars ring on the counter of every page, the eagle screeches from the first to the thirty-eighth chapter, while effete Europe tries in vain to go to sleep. We are assured concerning Ranata, "she was the descendant of eight centuries of kings, and her Americanism was yet in the making." The literary qualities of the book are of the crudest, of the cheap chromo class and coloring. But as an amusing specimen of what a United States novelist can perpetrate in the name of art, it would be hard to out-shriek "Rulers of Kings." And yet they say that Dickens was guilty of base calumny when he gave us Mr. Jefferson Brick, to say nothing of the immortal "American" who insisted "we must be cracked up—our backs are easy riz."

J. G.

Say what you will, to a woman clothes are the background of all her situations, the decorations of her future. They are a part of her environment from the earliest years, and the ancestral female voices ever whisper and sing to her of them.

Lawn Bowling.

FROM all accounts received, the Old Country lawn bowling tourists are assured of a warm welcome and a hot time. The following extracts from a letter from Mr. John C. Hunter, president of the Irish Bowling Association, speak for themselves, and nowhere will the visitors receive a more cordial welcome, a regular "Caed mille failthe," than in the Emerald Isle:

"Yours of the 28th ult., with accompanying letter to Mr. Hamilton, duly received, and all noted with interest. I shall at an early date bring your letter before the Irish B. A.

"I am greatly pleased to note that I may have the pleasure of meeting the Canadians at the London County B. C. about June 9.

"From the letter to Mr. Hamilton I conclude that we may expect the Canadian team to drop over from Scotland on Monday, July 25, by the daylight service, leaving Greenock at 10 o'clock a.m. and arriving at Belfast at 2 p.m., and that you will play your first match on Tuesday, July 26, with Belfast B. C.; second match on Wednesday, July 27, with Belmont B. C.; third match on Thursday, July 28, with Coleraine B. C. If the arrangement is carried out I am sure it will be satisfactory to all concerned. Of course let it be clearly understood that we shall welcome the team to Belfast on whatever dates you find suitable to their convenience.

"I note what you say about great interest being centered in the team's visit to the Old Country by Canadians, which is healthy and encouraging. I can assure you that a like feeling exists here, and the coming season is looked forward to with pleasurable expectations of being great in events, and the greatest will undoubtedly be the Canadian bowling team's visit.

"I hope every member of your party may have a safe, prosperous voyage; that favorable weather will be experienced in crossing the Atlantic, and that one and all of you may enjoy yourselves."

Bowlers will please note that the annual tournament of the Ontario Bowling Association will commence at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, July 5th. It is believed that the attendance will be fully up to previous years, notwithstanding the absence of so many members on the Old Country trip.

LUNA.

Won the Pot.

That little hand!
I hold it firm in mine.
And scan its outlines fine.
My eyes expand
And grow with love intense and strong,
I gaze upon it fond and long.
That little hand!

That little hand!
It is so smooth, so pure and white,
And covered over with diamonds quite,
In beauty grand.
Oh, how I love it! See me press
It to my lips in fond caress,
That little hand!

That little hand!
There are no others fair to you!
I lay you down, and gladly, too,
With manner bland.
It was a diamond flush and straight.
Soon may I hold its charming mate!
That little hand!

Lucan, Ont., May 1st, 1904.

Confetti.

Adam, who was the first man to brag of his salad dressing, was not, unfortunately, the last—"Smart Set."

Does the clam fritter its time away?—Philadelphia "Record."

When the chord of montony is stretched most tight, then it breaks with a sound like song.—G. K. Chesterton.

It doesn't matter who votes for me, so long as my friends count the ballots.—"Mr. Dooley."

New ideas are like strange dogs; they always meet a brick-bat or the garden hose.—"Suggestion."

They have rights who dare maintain them.—Lowell.

Never strike sail to fear.—Emerson.

No man is useless while he has a friend.—Stevenson.

What is a gentleman? I'll tell you! A gentleman is one who keeps his promises made to those who can not enforce them.—Elbert Hubbard.

'Tis little that I ask of fate—
A life exempt from harm,
A horse, a dog, a pleasant mate,
And a little radium farm!

—New Orleans "Times-Democrat."

Not Immersed.

Former Congressman James Hamilton Lewis, he of the pink whiskers and silver tongue, is equally famous in the West for his memory of faces and his desire to be always in the public eye.

Prior to Mr. Lewis' retirement from politics, one of his enthusiastic supporters, a member of the Baptist Church, started the report that the bewhiskered statesman had joined that denomination and would undergo total immersion in his baptism. The story created so much stir in Washington, then the former Congressman's home State, that a reporter hastened to interview him. Mr. Lewis feigned indignation when he heard of his alleged conversion.

"You might have known," he exclaimed angrily, "that I couldn't keep out of the public gaze long enough to be totally immersed!"



OUT COMES ANOTHER.

Ross and Whitney—Why did we take the lid off?

A Creel of Gossip.

A LITTLE woman walked along King street last Monday morning with an air of determination that meant a large purchase and a sudden decline in her husband's bank account. She met a certain dear friend—a woman—at the corner of King and Yonge, and in the shadow of the C.P.R. ticket office she unfolded the tale of her wrongs.

"What do you think I'm going to do? I'm going straight to Murray's to get a new spring suit."

"But you've got that lovely gray affair," said the surprised friend, "it's just new, and I don't see what you want with another coat suit."

"I don't need it. I'm doing it to spite Tom." Now, Tom is the husband's name, and as he is always referred to in terms of wifely adoration by his spouse, the friend merely gasped and then enquired eagerly.

"Why, what's he been doing?"

"Doing!" echoed the little woman, fiercely. "Why, I wouldn't have believed it of him. Just think! I've been taking lessons in dressmaking in order to save. Catch me saving any more! Tom thought it was a good idea, and when I told him what a bargain I had in this gray stuff and how I was going to make it all by myself, he seemed to be just as pleased as Punch. I got it all done last week and put it on last night to wear to church, and—"

"Well!" said the friend with intelligent sympathy.

"My dear, that man simply stood there and said it wrinkled in the back and that the tucks in the skirt weren't even and that I hadn't enough color to wear gray."

"Just like a man! They never appreciate anything. But what did you do?"

"Why, I just tore the old thing off and nearly cried my eyes out, and told him he could go to church by himself for he needed it more than I do, and he went off in a horrid temper, saying that women have no sense of humor. Humor, indeed! Why, I just slaved over this suit to save a little for him. This morning he tried to pretend he was sorry, but I told him he'd be sorry forty dollars. So I'm going to order something new in green, and I shouldn't be surprised if I got a new hat as well. There's not a bit of use in economizing when a man acts like a brute."

"Perhaps he didn't mean it," urged the friend; "perhaps he—"

He'd been out to the Junction on Saturday." But the little woman was already on her extravagant way to a stunning green gown.

Queen's University in Kingston is an advanced institution in the teaching of the Higher Criticism and it's just as well to avoid talking theology with the divinity men from Queen's unless you know a thing or two about "The Documents of the Hexateuch," and the latest theories about Jonah and Jeremiah. However, the story is told about a Queen's student that he went away to a small country congregation somewhere in New York State for the summer, where he talked the very best that he knew for two long months. The next year, another Queen's man, with less advanced views in theology, went to the same charge, and in conversation with a rural member said, "Well, how did you like my friend Panks?"

"He was all right in some ways," said the farmer slowly, "but his sermons were awful queer stuff. Do you know, he was always talking about some darned thing that he called 'the original,' but what it was beats me."

"You talk about our forefathers," said a young Torontonian last week, "as if we moderns were a poor, decadent lot, with no backbone at all. I can tell you that all the plucky men weren't killed in the War of 1812, nor even in the Fenian Raid. The night of the fire, there was a chap—Billy Ross—whose business went up in smoke about ten o'clock. By eleven o'clock Billy had rented a new warehouse, and before midnight he was ordering new goods and taking orders for his stuff. He's engaged to Ethel Myers, you know, and they were to be married in June. She rang him up about twelve o'clock that night and he went over and had a chafing-dish supper. Billy said it was ripping Welsh rarebit—and they'd decided that they'd get married in June, anyway. Ethel said she didn't care about going to Europe and would just as soon stay at Long Branch for the summer. There's good stuff in Toronto boys yet, if we don't have all the homely virtues of the pioneers, that we're always being reminded of."

"Why is it," said the man, "that you can't convince a woman that there's anything wrong in smuggling?"

"Smuggling!" repeated the woman, "of course there isn't any harm about it. Why, I smuggle every chance I get." She was a church member and read papers in the missionary society, but she was very much in earnest over this attack on one of woman's dearest pastimes.

"But it's cheating the Government," he urged.

"The Government ought to be cheated," firmly replied the woman, with the fine scorn of her sex for an institution that is merely masculine. "The very idea of making us pay twice for things! I never could understand what the duty is for. I just believe those members at Ottawa take the money and spend it for cigars and champagne. They don't really need it, and it's a great injustice to the people to charge them for buying a pair of shoes in Detroit or a silk skirt in Buffalo."

"But our policy must be protection. You see, the tariff of the United States is—"

"I know that their politics is ever so much worse than ours. And just look at the way the Customs house officers behave in New York. Nothing is too bad for a Government which appoints such men. I think it's every woman's duty to smuggle. Just last week when I came back from Clifton Springs, I brought heaps of stuff and the loveliest—"

"Well?"

"I'm not going to tell you about it. But I had ever so many things for different people, and I just enjoyed sneaking them in. I'd like to know what business it is of those tire-some men at the Falls whether I've been shopping in Buffalo or not."

"But you don't see the principle—"

"There isn't any principle," she insisted with final firmness. "It's a bad law and ought to be broken. Then women haven't any votes and can't say anything about the duty. So they smuggle in self-defence." The man then asked if he might light a cigar.

CANADIENNE.

Woman.

Consider lovely woman, how she keepeth up to date,
How she striveth to be faithful to the changing fashion-plate,
How she yearneth for improvements in her mental attributes,
How she writheth on the Ethics of the Whizzing Shoot-the-Chutes.
How she talketh at the sessions of her half a dozen clubs,
How she planneth for the helping of the maid who cooks and scrubs,
How she painteth purple Cupids on the useless China plaque,
How she fretteth that her garments are not plated in the back,
How she purifieth matters when election cometh 'round,
How she seeketh ever earnestly for mental sand to pound,
How she blocketh up the sidewalk after every matinee,
How she weepeth when the jiggy music cometh in the play,
How she hatcheteth bar-room till the fixtures have to float,
How she getteth up petitions for the privilege to vote,
How she walketh with a hopping like the gentle kangaroo,
How she changeth in a moment to another gait pursue,
How she taketh half the evening to attire herself in haste,
How she changeth every season the location of her waist,
How she—oh, my son, consider—yea, consider if thou like,
But when woman, lovely woman, cometh down the mental pike,
Thou wilt find it best to vacate, to bring other things to mind,
For she leaveth all our guesses in the dusty wake behind.
—Baltimore "American."

Life on the Hill-Top.

The man who has never viewed the world from a hill holds but a paltry and sluggish spirit within his bosom. He is myopic, limited, hemmed in of soul, a gazer upon walls. Therefore, it is a sign of growth when the plains-dweller, the denizen of the valley, seeks him a high place. It betokens an elevation of the heart and a sense of supremacy.—"Argonaut," San Francisco.

The Fall of the Dice.

THERE was the man she was going to marry, and there was the man she loved, and there was herself. Other people came into her world, but they do not count here.

Just at this time she happened to be a lady-help, and when she had carried the dinner things out into the kitchen she went to the lead of the kitchen steps to meet the man she loved. He generally came in the back way because it was the shortest, and he generally helped her wash up before he strolled into the front rooms, because—Everybody in the front rooms knew it—except the man she was going to marry, and he was there for the first time. She had been playing ping-pong with him in the glare of the hot dining-room. Now, out in the shadowed kitchen, she was going to play a cruelly hard game with the Other Man.

Bert Barlow, passing the kitchen, saw the Other Man on the steps, and grinned. For he knew the ignorance of the man she was going to marry. The Other Man called to Bert from the door, and came in laughing. This evening was to him just as all the rest were, and would be. But she knew that it was the end of the beginning of life. It was a hot, breathless night, with enough moonlight across the kitchen to allow the gas-jet to burn low, and the corners where cups and dish towels hung to go out in darkness. The Other Man put his arm round her shoulders in the ordinary possessive way, and stooped to kiss her. Without doubt he was good to look at, even in the shadows, but she slipped from him instantly.

A thing denied increases in value, and it was her intention to awaken all the desire in him this night.

"What's that for? Don't be a little sneak, Jenny. You can keep that sort of thing for the other fellows."

There was enough anger in him to show that he really cared. "Look," she said, dramatically, and spread out her hands on the table before him.

She was not in the least pretty, but she had that which the few women possessing it know to be more powerful than beauty. It is usually called devilment. He looked, knowing she had practised that little backward poise before the glass. But it pleased him, nevertheless.

Then he put his hand over the spread ones, and drew them nearer as he sat on the table edge.

"Well, little girl?"

"Those pearls are my engagement ring."

He separated the fingers, chuckling contentedly.

"That's another of 'em, isn't it? And that? How many times have you been engaged since I knew you, Jenny? You keep the scalps, and let the poor beggars go."

"I mean it this time."

"Of course. You always do. Who is it, then?"

"Jim—again. He—he's here now."

The Other Man whistled softly.

"The deuce he is! I thought he belonged to the back-country entirely. Never mind. You'll chuck him, as you've chucked the lot of 'em—lock, stock, and barrel. You must have your little game, Jenny; but you've never cared for a man yet—except me."

She jerked away her hands, and put them behind her. The thumping of her heart unsteady her voice, for he spoke plain truth.

"You don't know that. It's a—"

"I do know that! Come here, Jenny."

"No."

"Afraid of Jim, eh?" His eyebrows went up, quizzically. "He'll be sitting on the edge of his chair, turning a photograph album, and mopping his face when nobody's looking. He's all safe. Besides, Bert shut the middle door. I heard him."

She would have played this game better if love and fear had not blurred the moves.

"It is you who should be afraid of Jim. He's a good man, much better than you."

"So he is. Very much better. That's why you love me. Come and tell me you love me, Jenny."

"I'll never tell you that any more, now. And I'll never tell you kiss me."

"Won't you? Not when you know I'm wanting you so?"

His tone was very tender, for he, too, knew the value of practice.

"Jenny! If you love me, dear?"

She came then, with the meek submission that had won her much before this day. But then she had played for sport.

The man she was going to marry was rich, and great, and a landowner. Also, he would give her the soul out of his body if she desired it, and it could be found. And at the word of the Other Man she would go with him to the end of life, caring not at all what the morrow might bring. But he had not said that word, and because she loved him—she did not know if he would ever say it.

The incoming tide talked to the sandy beach across the road, and the tick of the clock was oppressively loud. She moved, and he held her closer.

"If Jim knew," she whispered.

"Who cares? Like his cheek to want all your kisses himself?"

"You wouldn't like it if—if you were he?"

"By George, no, I should not!" The Other Man laughed uneasily. "It's his own fault. I look after my possessions better than he does."

Her pulses drummed in her ears and she flung him a challenge.

"Seems to me you prefer looking after his."

"Perhaps I do. When they're only his in name."

A damp dish-cloth on the wall had a fleering face in the moonlight. Possibly it saw all the cards in the game she was playing so blindly.

"I'll be more than his in name—next month."

"What?"

"I am going to marry Jim next month."

He drew back her head and looked at her keenly.

"You can't. You love me, not him."

"But I am going to marry him. I mean it. I am going to marry him!"

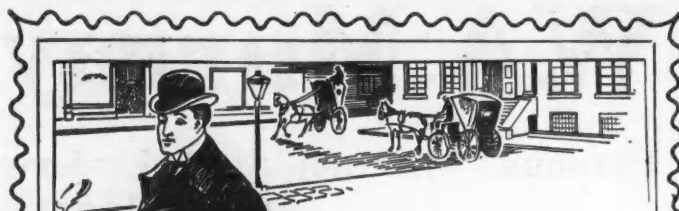
This was the last throw, and she had staked her soul on it. He half guessed as their eyes held each other silently. To Jenny there was nothing in the swimming universe but those eyes that met hers. If he cared! Oh, God! if he cared—just a little!

His own slight was very clear, and presently he reddened.

No one likes to feel that he deserves horse-whipping; and so the Power that made man of sinful clay should undoubtedly take the blame. Besides, they had both played with fire all their lives, and if she had burnt her fingers at last, it was surely only what she might have expected.

He dropped his eyes, and stood up with a sigh.

"Well, every girl thinks more of marriage than of love, I suppose. Jim's a good man, as you justly observe, and he will make a very estimable husband. I wish you all happiness, of course, and though you are going to be so cruel to me, Jenny—you'll give me another kiss for the sake of the jolly times we used to have."



The Club Man

As home from the Club he wanders late
He gently smiles at the wiles of fate
For he knows the effect of wine and malt
Is quickly banished by Abbey's Salt.

A night at the club—an unusually elaborate banquet—even a "bird and a bottle"—ought to be followed by a foaming glass of ABBEY'S SALT, next morning.

It cleans the stomach and bowels—stirs up the liver—clears the head—gives snap and vim to the whole system—and sends a man to business as "bright as a dollar."

It makes the clubman, the epicure, forget he has a liver.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt Is "the Joy of Living."

She let him take the kisses, because the world had come to an end, and nothing else mattered. But she was numb under his touch. Then the rattle of the piano reminded her. She straightened her hair in the deft, quick way he knew so well, and walked before him into the crowded front rooms. Being a woman, it was necessary that she should so talk and laugh and sing that the Other Man would never know that she had played with him for the desire of her soul—and lost.

(And being a woman) no one ever did know.

Except the Other Man—G. B. Lancaster in the "Bulletin."

The Brothers.

One was a true-born rover,
And saw all there was to be seen;
The oceans were puddles of water,
The continents, patches between.
He knew all the world like a primer,
And with no more of contentment
There was never a part but he knew it
By heart.

And after the manner of men.

And one fell in love with a woman,
The sort that make excellent wives;
They made them a home in a cottage
With Love, to the end of their lives.
His world was as broad as the ocean
And high as the heaven's blue dome,
And with no more of contentment
ing or seeing
Beyond the snug harbor of home.

Yes, one owned the love of a woman,
With whom there was none to compare;
And one saw no woman so lovely
But he had seen others as fair.
One trained the rose of contentment
To bloom in the garden of life;
And one knew the smiles of the world
(and its wiles).

But never the love of a wife.

—Nixon Waterman.

Is No Longer a Death Sentence

Bright's Disease Again Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Miss Johann Mayor, Given Up by Two Doctors, Is Again a Strong Healthy Girl.

Lochiel, Glenarry Co., Ont., May 2. (Special.)—That Bright's Disease has come within the reach of Medical Science and is no longer on the list of incurable diseases is again proved in the case of Miss Johann Mayor of this place. In an interview Miss Mayor says:

"I had Bright's Disease in its worst stages, and had to give up a profitable position with a corset firm. Two doctors whom I consulted gave me up, telling me I had let the disease go too far. I spent a fortune with doctors besides going to Caledonia Springs each summer, but no good resulted, and I began to think I could not endure life much longer."

"It was then I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and it is owing to them entirely that I am at work to-day, a strong, healthy girl. It took eight boxes in all to complete the cure, but I did not take the first two boxes regularly, as I had no faith in them. You may be sure in future I will never be without Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Bright's Disease. How sure it is they will cure all the earlier stages of Kidney Disease.

About Writers.

John Oliver Hobbes's new novel is nearly ready for publication. A small country town is its scene, and its keynote is to be found in these lines from "Atalanta in Calydon":

But from the light and fiery dreams of love
Spring heavy sorrows and a sleepless life.

Visions, not dreams, whose lids no charm shall close,
Nor song assuage them waking.

Senator Beveridge, whose book, "The Russian Advance," has all the advantage that timeliness can give it, enjoyed exceptional opportunities for the study of Russian and Japanese relations. He is said to be the only foreigner intent upon study who ever went through Manchuria with the knowledge and sanction of the Russian Government. He met and interviewed all the leading men of both China and Japan.

Bram Stoker, author of "The Jewel of Seven Stars," which was one of the books most in demand at a local library last week, is a native of Ireland, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. After his college days he entered the Irish civil service, and at the same time worked as a literary, art and dramatic critic for newspapers. He also edited an evening paper. Since 1878, when Sir Henry Irving assumed the management of the Lyceum Theater in

London, Mr. Stoker has been associated with the famous actor.

Mr. Joseph Conrad, whose new novel, "Nostromo," is to be published in book form before long, is reported to have undertaken the composition of a series of essays dealing in anecdotal fashion with the sea and the author's experience with ships and sailors. Nothing could be more welcome. We want all of the imaginative work that Mr. Conrad can give us, but we have often wished that he would write just such a book as he now proposes to write, a book in which he would put all idea of romance aside and simply give us first-hand impressions of seafaring life, not romance, but bald truth. We know that he could give us that truth, for all his work as a literary artist goes to show that his imagination is faithful to fact.

The late Henry Seton Merriman left \$25,000 to a lady, Miss E. B. Hall, in recognition of the literary services she had done him by her advice and criticism, without which, he says, he could never have written "The Sign of the Cross." This lady is reported by Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll to be Mr. Merriman's "gifted and accomplished sister-in-law," who wrote over the pen-name of "S. G. Tallentyre." "S. G. Tallentyre" will be remembered, is the author of a most interesting volume on Voltaire, recently published by Messrs. Putnam.

Various interesting items appeared at a recent photograph sale in London. One of these was an "I. O. U." for one hundred pounds, written by Gibbon, a historian, on the back of a ten of diamonds—his last sum at cards to A. Blondel, in May, 1786.

Mark Twain is not studying Italian; he does not consider it necessary, even though he is domiciled in Florence for some time to come. "I cannot speak the language," he recently explained; "I am too old now to learn how, also too busy when I am busy, and too indolent when I am not; wherefore some will imagine that I am having a dull time of it. But it is not so. The 'help' are all natives; they talk Italian to me, I answer in English; I do not understand them, they do not understand me, consequently no harm is done, and everybody is satisfied. In order to be just and fair I throw in an Italian word when I have one."

M. Doumer, France's "coming man," who, if he wishes, can be the next Premier, and who at the present moment is the leader in the race for the Presidency of the republic, is a remarkable figure. The son of a working man, who could afford to give him only an elementary education, and who brought him up to the trade of a working locksmith, it was not easy for him to fill up the vacant educational gap. But he did it by dint of privation and hard work, part of the money he earned as a workman going to pay for his books and instructing him as to make he eventually passed his examination as a bachelor, and thereupon abandoned his trade as a locksmith, and became a journalist, realizing that in France, more than elsewhere, "journalism leads to every thing providing one does not stick to it too long."

He wrote for some time with great success for the "Progres de St. Quentin," a local paper, and then, as a journalist was his first stepping-stone to fame. Paris followed, and he became editor of the "Voltaire," and shortly after entered political life.

Nearly Sad.

A newspaper in a small country town not far from New York employs a reporter whose knowledge of English idioms is somewhat uncertain. He was assigned recently to report the sudden death of a prominent local citizen, and after describing the circumstances leading up to it, he referred to the sadness of the bereavement sustained by the family.

"The widow," he concluded, "is almost grief-stricken."

Snobs and Gush.

The men, women or children who send to the press accounts of social "doings" in "official circles" at Washington seem to have sensitive imaginations and an artistic method of so adorning their accounts as to make the judicious reader "sick." No other word can express the feeling. You are often tempted to believe that the most offensive and drivelling snobs in the world are in Washington. Your gorge rises at the ever-recurring vulgarism of "First Lady in the Land." Some private secretary or marshal or other jack-in-office is always making an ass of himself. You sometimes rub your eyes after some story of a White House "function," and ask yourself if Mr. Roosevelt, the cowboy, has not

been infected with the snobbery you hear so much about. We have ceased to get impatient at this sort of thing. It is too old and familiar. We have been reading about it certainly since 1869. In every administration, about the same sort of social flapdoodle comes from Washington and the same dreadful ravages of snobbery are portrayed. Let us not blame Washington people for the malicious gossip of which they are the victims.—"Everybody's Magazine."

The Last Message.

There is a clever lad who will get his living in this world. For playing truant maternal authority cut off his supper. Casting one fond look at the authoress of his existence, he paused at the door to say:

"Mother, I am going to die, and when I am no more I wish the doctor to cut me open and look at my stomach." The maternal heart was filled with awful forebodings, and the maternal voice asked what he meant.

"I wish it to be known," he answered, "that I died of starvation."

This was enough. The small boy was triumphant and retired to his little bed gorged to repletion.

A Safe Place.

Brigand (stopping lady in carriage)—Halt, madam, and hand over your cash.

Lady—My money is in my pocket, sir, and as neither you nor I can find it inside of ten minutes, and there is a large party of tourists coming up the hill, I would advise you to let me pass.

Brigand—Thank you, madam; your advice is worth heeding. Good-day.

The French Novel and Intrigue.

"If the average reader of the French novels, whose knowledge of the French people is derived entirely from that source, were asked to name the prevalent feature of French married life, there could be but one reply—the infidelity of the wife," thinks a writer in the Chicago "Chronicle," who continues: "That this is the case, which prevails so generally among the novel-reading public outside of France, is utterly false is known to all who have had the opportunity to observe the home life of the French people. The wonder, therefore, has been that the French writers of love romances, almost without exception, should employ a theme which amounts to a slander on their own womankind, and does so destructive to the sentimental ideals and morals of youth. A logical, if not altogether satisfactory, explanation of this perversion of light literature is contained in a recent article by Dr. Emil Reich, contributed to the 'Contemporary Review.' The French people could wish for no kinder critic, nor one who takes a more optimistic view of the future, not only of the French nation, but of the Latin races generally. This writer sees no evidence of degeneracy in the eroticism of the French novel, but regards it as an inevitable feature of the romantic literature of the people whose social customs have left their novelists no other alternative. The French writers are wholly lacking in the material which forms the basis of the healthful and inspiring love-story of English literature—the sentimental attachments of the young. The beautiful maiden of real life in France is immured in a convent, or some other secluded educational institution, until she reaches young womanhood, after which she is under the constant espionage of her parents until she is married. The noble-minded youth who woos her must pay his court in their watchful presence. There are no clandestine meetings, no moonlight strolls, no unselfish acts of devotion, and no heroic situations which constitute romantic fiction. In real life, as Dr. Reich points out, the jeune fille is a nonentity, and hence in fiction would be an absurdity. Lacking the essential theme for wholesome romance, the French novelist is compelled, in spite of himself, to found his romances upon illicit amours, or upon the waywardness of the parents who have rebelled against parental restraint."

British Cookery.

The Englishwoman cook who can cook economically and well is a treasure and a rarity. A crying need in this country is good and cheap cookery instruction for the household cook, whose incompetence has become a byword.—"Caterer."

Russian Affairs.

There is no danger of a Morgan shiping combine interfering with Russia's mercantile fleet. Nobody who is not a Russian subject can hold any shares in a Russian vessel or vessels, except by inheritance; and then such shares may only be held for a period of two years, when they must be disposed of to a subject of the Czar.

Hundreds of thousands of Russian peasants deliberately eat poison from their bread. This poison is a parasite fungus known as ergot, found in the rye which is the staple foodstuff of the

Peer and Peasant in the British Realm

have for more than a quarter of a century looked upon

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viewed gave vent to Republican ideas of a pronounced kind. He scouted the notion of there being any king or queen of the gipsies. Every gipsy, it seems, considers himself as good as his neighbor, and there have been as many as four tents in an encampment, each labelled "Queen of the Gipsies."

The Queen's Cupboards.

The Queen's cupboards will be quite a feature in up-to-date model dwellings for the working classes. It will be remembered how Her Majesty, after she and the King had visited the County Council's tenements at Millbank, suggested the addition of these convenient receptacles for the comfort of the future inmates, and that the royal counsels were followed. Now they have been also carried out at the buildings upon the Ann street estate, Poplar, and the county councillors took care that Queen Alexandra should hear of this willingness on their part to follow her gracious advice. The information has called forth a charming letter from her Majesty to the clerk of the Council, in which she is very pleased to think that it was owing to her suggestion that this addition was made. There is little doubt that many a poor working woman will be induced to cultivate order and neatness in her home through the adoption of the idea.

Don't Mention It.

"I suppose," says the stranger to the patriotic Russian, "that since General O h wigetoutslandknockemaroundskidpushemofftheroadovitch won his great victory his name is in everybody's mouth in your country?"

"Well," answers the patriotic Russian, "part of it is."

An Anxious Time in Great Britain.

These are doubtful hours for Great Britain. Can she keep out of the war? Is that policy of free trade which she has pursued so long to be changed for a protectionist policy at the next election? The latter event, disturbing, as it would, the trade of the whole world, would be even vaster in effect than the drawing of the sword by France for Russia, and by Great Britain for Japan.



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Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure



WITH eggs at fifteen cents a dozen one feels a sort of amiability toward the Canadian hen, which contrasts with the exasperation her dilatory course aroused during early spring. A hen story comes from a clever man who has had it in cold storage for some time, but vows that there wasn't much doing, some of the boarders and others would gather round the big wood stove in the coffee-room and gossip or tell stories. On one occasion a burly Menominee farmer, rolled up in woolen mufflers and sheepskin, entered, carrying a basket of fowls. In broken English he enquired: "Want to buy some hens?" "Phawt's that ye say?" said Johnnie. "Want to buy some hens?" repeated the farmer. "Och! It's hins ye mane," said Johnnie. Then, addressing the group about the stove, "It's a quare thing ye niver kine to say d— Minnates to say 'hins'!" I think that's a good enough story to tell every thirty years!

I wonder what will be the next silly rise that so-called "English woman" who has been criticizing Toronto women in English papers will try to take out of us? First our gentlemen are dowsy and piebald-looking, now our shop girls have bad manners. Truly, one goes from home to learn news of one's own. If anything has improved about this overgrown town of ours it is the service in the shops. If ever there is a place on earth where good manners are the very "sine qua non" of position it is in the shops, for the competition is so close and obvious and keen that the one unpardonable sin is to drive away a customer. The rankness of the criticism came home to me one day this week, when I had occasion to give a note to a girl a good deal of trouble and rummaging. Her interest in my taste, her endeavor to meet my wish, and her quiet pleasure when at last we found the only right thing, were an object lesson in courtesy and kindness. We have had impertinence and indifference in past years, but lately a wave of good manners seems to have swept over the surface of the shopping sea. The heads of departments are stricter than ever in noting the demeanor, not only of the shop-girl, but of the departing customer. Sometimes they even way-lay one and enquire if one has been suited, and take stock of the weary dissent or the satisfied assertion that one has not shopped in vain. One feels, in certain shops, the constant alertness and supervision, and the shop-girls, too, know it is there. It should not be necessary to do more than shrug the shoulders at anyone who says courtesy is lacking in shops of Toronto, because we daily and hourly prove that it is always, or very nearly always, awaiting us.

I once had a most informing half-hour in the luncheon-room of a big shop, where no one but the shop-girls was supposed to enter. The girls had been a bit excited over a visit from royalty and were gathered round two of their number who had been serving their royal patron. "She spoke so nice, ly, not in high English, like Mrs. —," and one of the girls gave a perfect imitation of a friend of mine—voice, word, manner, unmistakably exact. "And she said, 'Thank you, so pleasantly, too.' At which there were nods and smiles from the girls. "And she said, 'Do you think you could send those things at once?' just as meek as Moses," said the second girl. "If I were a princess, I think I'd put on a little more." An old shopwoman quietly remarked, "The best-bred people are easiest served, and the very best always leave a good feeling with anyone who waits on them." It came to me then that one might as well aim at that, for one can be the "very best" in a good many ways if one only cares to try, and it must be pleasant to leave that "good feeling" where one has passed.

Isn't it weird what funny effects are produced when quiet, serious Canadians essay the adoption of foreign garments? Do you remember the stout lady in the Russian blouse? And have you seen the tall, thin female in her kimono? Long-necked women should never wear the "cuddly" Japanese garment, nor pudgy creatures the loose and sometimes exceedingly smart coat of the much-bombarded Russ. But they will do it, all the more just because sympathy with either side is beginning to run high, and all the skinny girls are not Russ, nor are all the dumpling-built females Jap in their leanings.

Two little girls sat on the steps and talked and talked. "I'm going to get me a noo hat," said six-year-old. "It's going to have a bow, and a forlay and a frill of lace, like the lady we saw in church Sunday." "Aw! I'd not have such a lid!" scornfully answered seven-year-old. "The muvver's going to buy me a automobile cap, and we're going to go for a ride." "On a automobile!" said six-year-old in respectfully interested surprise. "Naw, silly! On the front seat of the open car. It's just as good, and don't cost no nothing. Muvver says she's afraid they'll charge me this summer, but I'll scrooge down and make myself look little!" Six-year-old sighed enviously. "I wish my muvver would buy me a automobile cap," she whispered, but seven-year-old did not sympathize. She evidently discouraged the duplicating of her "lid."

For cheerful repartee I select the following, which I heard as I hurried along to the office the first bright day: "There goes the only real lady on the street," jeered a woman on a doorstep as a fine-looking but very much over-loaded female passed her with uplifted chin. The passer-by turned graciously. "The first 'real' word I've ever heard pass your teeth," said she, sweetly, and lunched along with a smile of triumph at the way she had accepted the unintentional tribute.

If any of my readers are inclined to be amused at the littleness of humanity very plainly set forth, I can recommend them to peruse "Mr. Woodhouse's Correspondence," a series of letters and responses thereto passing between the friends and relatives of an old bachelor of means and that ultra-selfish and cranky personage. These letters remind one of the play in which everyone had to say just exactly what they thought. Some of Mr. Woodhouse's letters make one shiver with mirth. One may have so wanted to emulate their frankness, but one's courage never was equal to it. The authors hide behind initials (G. R. and E. S.), but they have thanks for some things as old as the frailties of humanity, rechauffe in a new flavored

sauce. The selfish and disagreeable bachelor may or may not have your sympathy, but he will certainly make you grin. LADY GAY.

The Fellow That's Doing His Best.

There's a song for the man who is lucky and bold. For the man who has fate on his side; There are cheers for the folk that are jingling the gold. And are drifting along with the tide. But the man who is striving to get to the land. And the hungry wave's crest. We quite overlook, for we don't understand. The fellow that's doing his best. But he has his rewards when the story is done. Though we smile as he plods on his way. For his own self-esteem is the prize he has won. And he's standing in the fray. And he knows the affection of home and of friends. And the pleasures of honest-earned rest; There are peace and good-will, as the twilight descends. For the fellow that's doing his best. —Washington "Star."



A mug from Heidelberg.—"Life."

Hoarded Jewels.

Ex-Attache of the New York "Tribune" Tells of Stashes of Jewels Sent to the East.

ALMOST the only form of investment to which the Mahometans have resorted is jewels, which it is hardly necessary to point out do not yield interest, but are more easy to conceal and more portable than gold. To such an extent do the Mahometans in the Orient favor this form of investment that the major portion of the gems of importance that have been stolen in the last fifty years in Europe and in America have been disposed of in India and other Moslem countries, where the tendency of the natives to add gems of this kind to their hoarded wealth or else to add therewith their favorites in the secrecy of their zenanas or harems, to which the authorities have no access, renders their recovery almost impossible. It cannot be too strongly urged that the celebrated jewels in the Old and in the New World are known to the great jewelers, and that it would be impossible, for instance, to entrust a diamond in New York the setting or recutting of any celebrated gem without his experts at once recognizing it and being able to say whether or not the stone had formed part of the plunder of some jewel robbery.

It is said that every shepherd is able to recognize each single sheep of his flock. In the same way, although the ordinary layman jewels may present an extraordinary resemblance to one another, yet they are easily distinguishable to the expert jeweler. If not only the buyers, but likewise the sellers of the passengers, first as well as second and third class, were carefully searched when the steamers of Europe arrive at Bombay, Madras and Calcutta, and in the ports of Ceylon, many a time celebrated gems, forming the plunder of some sensational jewel robbery either in Europe or America, would be discovered by the authorities. There is an individual in India—Tiberius he is still alive—who could doubtless give many points to the police on this subject. That is Jacobs, the celebrated diamond merchant, who was portrayed by Marion Crawford in his popular novel, "Mr. Isaacs."

Jacobs was for many years the man whom the princes and potentates of Hindostan entrusted with the purchase and when in want of money, with the sale of their precious stones, which, owing to their religious objections to banks, they regarded as invested capital. It is no exaggeration to say that he knew, and possibly still knows, almost every precious stone of any importance in India, being blindly trusted by the majority of his customers, and that he has been the most discreet of men there is no doubt that he could have indicated to the police the location of many well-known and famous stones missed from American and European jewel caskets. Sometimes the stolen jewels do not get further than Constantinople. Thus when the historic pearls of the late Mme. Ratazzi were taken, the thieves, knowing that every jeweler in Europe and America was familiar with the gems, took them to Stamboul and managed to dispose of them through some of the seraglio dignitaries. The pearls were never recovered. Hamed presented them to an illustrious lady visiting Constantinople, on whose neck they were wondrously recognized. With the result that they had to be returned to Mme. Ratazzi. Let me add in support of this assertion as to the fate of the stolen jewels the significant fact that with the exception of those of the widowed Countess of Dudley, which were restored by means of a compromise, hardly any of the plunder of the great jewel robberies of the last fifty years has ever been recovered, in spite of all the efforts of police and jewelers, stimulated by the offers of large rewards. It will be interesting to see whether the altered monetary conditions in the Orient, resulting from the reforms initiated by Lord Cromer, will result in the people of India seeking a more profitable investment of their capital than jewels, in which case many long-lost gems of world-wide celebrity may be placed once more on the market, with startling developments in the way of efforts by former owners to recover their stolen property.

A Joke on Train.

George Francis laughed heartily when he told about repartee on the other man, but became furious when the late Sam Cox once got a bit of satirical repartee on him. It occurred this way: One morning I asked Surgeon-General Hammond in New York if Mr. Train was really insane. "In Train's case," said Dr. Hammond, "there is really only one way to find out. If you can get a really good joke on George, and he laughs at it, really enjoys it himself, I would call him sane, but if he gets mad it will show that he has incipient insanity. Insanity," continued the doctor, "shows itself in egotism. An insane man thinks he is the Almighty, an emperor or a president. An insane man can't

stand repartee or satire. He always gets mad at a joke on himself."

That day I met witty Sam Cox at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and told him what Dr. Hammond said about Train. "Let's go over to Madison Square," said the witty congressman, "and get a joke on Train, and try Hammond's theory."

When we reached Madison Square, there was a train, sure—and a crowd of happy children eating candy and peanuts, smoothing his gray hair and pinning flowers on his coat.

"Hello, George!" said Cox, laughing. "You look half an idiot, surrounded by your children. What makes you so strong and healthy?"

"Vegetable diet, Sam," said Train, throwing out his arms and letting the blood flow in his hands. "Yes, Sam, vegetables and cereals make strength; meat, weakness. Flour and rice are one hundred per cent. food and meat twenty-seven per cent. the rest water. All strength comes from the cereals!"

"Yes, George," said Sam seriously, "I believe you are right. The cereals do give strength, and meat does make weakness."

"Of course of course!" interrupted Train, enthusiastically.

"Yes, meat makes weakness," continued Sam, "and that is why the lion and the eagle don't eat meat. They eat sheep and goose—they eat vegetables and no meat. That's what makes them so strong and—"

"I won't talk an idiot!" interrupted George, "and I won't talk an idiot!"

When I told Dr. Hammond about our experience in getting a joke on George Francis, he slapped his trousers with the palm of his hand till the dust flew out, exclaiming:

"Well, well, well! That is the best proof I ever heard!" ELI PERKINS.

The Spotted Ermine.

The idea that the judicial officer is suited with ermine, though a tradition, though fabulous and mythical, is yet more eloquent in its significance. We are told that the little creature called the ermine is so acutely sensitive to the cleanliness of its fur that it will analyze and powerless at the slightest touch of defilement upon its snow-white fur. When the hunters are pursuing it, they spread with mire the path leading to its haunts, toward which they then draw it, knowing that it will submit to be captured rather than defile itself. And a like sensibility should belong to him who comes to exercise the august functions of Judge.

Those Scrupulous Red Men.

The Warm Spring Indians in Oregon held conscientious scruples about going in war, and returned the white man's teachings back upon him. General Howard wanted twenty-five of them to go as scouts in the Bannock war, but they were unwilling to go, and gave as a reason that they had been taught that it was wrong to fight. A missionary had come to teach them God's way, and if they went to this war they would have to go back and be the old Indian again, which character they had given up. These "scrupulous" evidently did not understand all the ins and outs of Christian civilization!

Adam's Afterthought.

"I don't say marriage is a failure," said Adam, as he sat down on a log just outside the Garden of Eden and looked hungrily at the fruit on the other side of the wall; "but if I had remained single this wouldn't have happened."

The Ready Irishman.

Speaking of repartee to George Francis Train, the week before he died, the old, white-headed philosopher sat up on his bed and said:

"Why, Eli, the best bit of repartee ever uttered was got off by an Irishman. They were standing under the gibbet at Newgate. One Irishman scowled at the other, and pointing up to the gibbet said:

"Ah, Flanagan! Where would you be if the gibbet had done its duty?"

"Faith, Patrick O'Connell—an' I wud be walkin' London all alone!"

Sir Edwin and a Poem.

The late Sir Edwin Arnold had one very painful experience as a poet, writes a correspondent. He wrote a poem and sold the copyright to a stranger, whom he too hastily assumed to be the editor of an American magazine. He then next saw his work it was being used in the advertisement of a proprietary medicament.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

London's Sporting Bishop.

Sport means more to the Bishop of London, perhaps, than to any man who breathes the air of the four-mile radius. It has helped to make him what he is, and it helps to keep him what he must always be—the hardest-working man in the kingdom, and the most loving-hearted man in all the metropolis.—"C. B. Fry's Magazine."

More About Mary.

Mary had a little lamb; His fleece was white as snow; Red eyes morning shone in his face; She washed him, don't you know?

Now, Mary never hollid the lamb. She merely let him soak In soap and water over night, And rinsed him when he woke.

Daguerreotype Stories.

Many amusing remarks were made at the doors of galleries. A small frame containing a dozen specimens would draw a crowd. One man would undertake to describe how they were made. "You look in the machine, and the picture comes—if you look nothing enough." Another would say: "It is not so much the looking that does it; the sun burns it in, if you keep still." Another made it all very plain by stating that the picture is a looking glass, and when you sit in front of it your shadow sticks on the plate.

How it came about was never known, but the impression became general that the sitters were never seen by the operator of intelligence ever told the story not to wink, for the effort to refrain would have given the eye an unnatural expression. We found it a duty to tell the sitters to wink as usual, that natural winking did not affect the picture. Even then it was not always understood. One old lady jumped out of the chair before a sitting was half over, raising both hands, and exclaiming: "Stop it, stop it! I winked!"

Another remarkable fact was that sitters seldom acknowledged their own likeness. "All good but mine," was the common decision. An aged couple, after examining their pictures, came to this conclusion: "Maria, yours is perfect, but this does not look like me." But if one lady answered: "Jeansa, yours is as natural as life, but mine is

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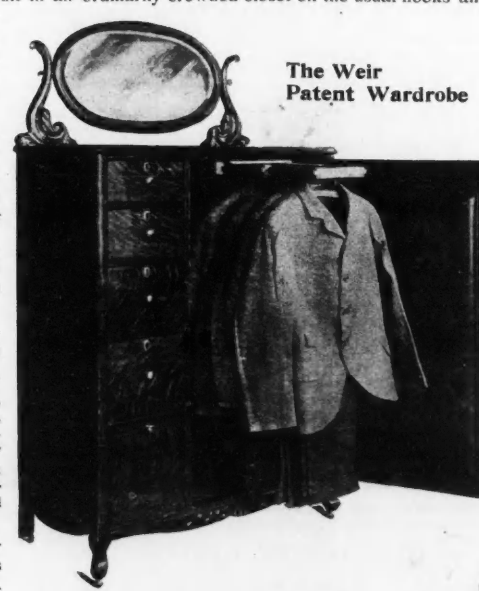
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Street Car Manners.

Persons in search of a mission and desirous of uplifting society might do worse than to circulate in the form of a tract the "Post-Standard's" account of what happened on an East Side car night before last. The hero of this tale, although more or less drunk, was exceedingly gallant. The car was filled with women standing up and men sitting down, a state of things which grieved and pained him, so much so that he volunteered to cause any one of the monsters who were occupying the seats to vacate if any lady would signify what seat she wanted. Perhaps the best that can be said for this knight errant is that he meant well, but for the credit of this community the men who ride in street cars ought to take heed to the lesson which this man was trying to teach. Otherwise our street car manners will soon be about as bad as the street car manners of the New Yorkers, which are absolutely the worst things of the kind now on exhibition in the country.—Syracuse "Post-Standard."

The Button Was There.

Mr. Spriggins (gently)—My dear, a man was shot at by a burglar, and his life was saved by a button which the bullet struck.

Mrs. Spriggins—Well, what of it? Mr. Spriggins (meekly)—Nothing; only the button must have been on.

Inherent Depravity.

If we could take heroic measures and spirit the worst people away to some far-off verdant islands, the men to one, the women to another, and feed, clothe and keep them till they came to an end, and with them the long centuries of

miser of which they are the heritage, they would not be content. They would yearn for the doorsteps and the gutter, the street fight and the daily round of sordid happenings. The island would be a prison-house.—"Madame."

Modest Ambition of Confucius.

Confucius was expounding his doctrines. "We suppose," they said, "you expect your beliefs to fill the world?"

"Oh, no," replied the philosopher, modestly. "I only expect it to fill a few Chinks."

Herein we see the true greatness of the man.

Their Emblem.

"Odd golf club over at Sewhacket." "How so?"

"Why, the members went to work and laid out three links and the emblem of the New Yorkers, which are absolutely the worst things of the kind now on exhibition in the country.—Syracuse "Post-Standard."

Can Oarsmen Swim?

We do not consider that sufficient care is taken by rowing clubs to assure that new men shall be capable of saving themselves in the event of accident. Although it would be cruel to suggest that rowing novices should add to their pleasures by being taken into mid-stream and thrown in, a bath test at least should be insisted upon.—"Times."

Church—What are the favorite grounds for divorce? Gotham—I believe they are somewhere in South Dakota.—"E."

'05—Yes, indeed, I'd rather be right than President. '04—Well, I'd rather be President and take chances.—Cornell "Widow."

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It was the work of heart as well as head and hand and to this day the same feeling exists in our factories with its so many times multiplied workers. From the newest boy sweeping the floor to our oldest employee, who has been with us over a quarter century and knows of those days when our ideal seemed a Will-o'-the-Wisp—every one has his heart in his work and gives the best that is in him.

Our reward has come and it seems greatest when, over the heads of an appreciative audience, we hear that sustained tone, the essential essence of harmony, ring forth from a Mason and Risch Piano at the command of a master's hand. The years have not dimmed the joy that leapt into life when we first heard it.

Every little while we will tell you in these columns some of the qualities possessed by the Mason and Risch Pianos and of the care each detail receives from the time the wood leaves the forest until the finished instrument holds you entranced with its harmony.

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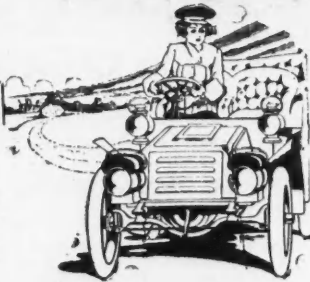
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Funny Advertising.

In an article on "The Humors of Advertising" Mr. Rollin Lynde Hart tells of the lighter side of this latest of the arts.

"Humor" says Mr. Crothers, "is the frank enjoyment of the imperfect." Yes, but not of imperfect fun. And I find the advertiser most deliciously amusing when he least aspires to be; I frankly enjoy his laughter and unconscious imperfections. "Miss Ellen Terry will positively appear in three pieces," writes he; or "Try our patent lamp-chimney and save half your light"; or even, "Our fish cannot be approached." A correspondence school of advertising declares in its enthusiastic prospectus, "You will never see the ad. writer play the wall-flower in society"; and, good lack, why should he? I will pledge my all to find admirers for any author of unwittingly humorous advertisements.

When I turn advertiser, I shall venture on nothing but self-repetitions. I shall uniformly advertise my deans after that perilous but remunerative fashion; indeed, I shall even emulate the Girl with the Auburn Hair, from whom I one day received a very pretty missive, which, written in a delicate feminine hand, on irreproachable note-paper, thus tactfully invited consideration:

Dear Mr. Hart—As I never asked a favor of you before in all my life, I feel free to ask one now. Please have the goodness to meet me at the stage entrance of Shea's Garden Theater at eight o'clock any evening next week. Wear a pink carnation in your button-hole, so I shall know you. Don't tell anyone except your wife and family.

The Girl with the Auburn Hair. As every man in town, or at least every man in the address book, had been honored with a similar brochure, just imagine the hubbub! I am not aware that innumerable multitudes assembled, carnation-bedecked, at the stage entrance of Shea's Garden Theater, but I have it for truth that the Girl with the Auburn Hair sang to vast and highly expectant audiences. She had made every man of us her herald. Says Dickens: "The advertisements which appear in a public journal take rank among the most significant indications of the state of society at that time and place." Which is literally true of this singular brochure in the Dyersburg, Tennessee, "Gazette."

"Lost—A House. On Tuesday, March 16, my dwelling-house, thirteen miles

above Caruthersville, was washed from its foundation and floated down the Mississippi River. It is a new two-story frame, painted white and built in T-shape, with a hall in the center, and a two-story front porch all the way across the building. It contained a household and kitchen furniture, including an organ with J. C. engraved on the plate. The cook stove is an old-fashioned No. 8 range. A Marlin rifle, sixteen-shot, 35-calibre, was also in the house. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of this house will be rewarded by informing me at this place."

Here, beyond doubt, you have an accurate picture of life in Dyersburg, Tennessee. The advertisement thus becomes material for the sociologist, and if this be sociology let us make the most of it!

She remarked on his suite.



There was a cow-puncher in Butte, Who immediately started to shutte,
When a girl who was brave,
Said, "Your pants need a shave,
Otherwise you'd look awfully cut!"
—Life.

No Trouble.

A Cambridge bedmaker once told a certain don for whom she worked that he was very kind to her, and that she was very grateful. The don looked pleased.

"I pray for you every night, sir," said the lady.
"It is very good of you to think of me, Mrs. Jones," said the don.
"Lor' air," replied the bedmaker affably, "it ain't a mossel of trouble to put your name in along of all the others."—London "Globe."

SOCIETY

His Excellency the Governor-General will attend the races and see the King's Plate run. His Excellency will be the guest of the Lieutenant-Governor during his stay in town.

I hear of the engagement of a young bank official and a very pretty golden-haired girl on the east side.

Miss Sims, a Dublin girl, is visiting Mrs. Osier at Cradleigh, Hill street, Mr. Jack Osier, who has quit military life, and is going out West. I hear, returned recently from England. It does not seem to me that any of the Osiers would enjoy the monotony of life in quarters, with nothing doing in the fighting line, which was what Mr. Jack's regiment has had for a long time, and the great West land needs the sort of man who wants action and plenty of it to fill his life.

Miss Darling of Ravensmount has returned from a pleasant visit in Ottawa.

The usual fortnightly reception was held at Government House on Thursday afternoon. A fair day and the assurance of a pleasant hour brought out many callers, beside those having "duty" calls, or visits de digestion to pay to the generous hostess.

Mrs. and Miss Sankey are spending some time in Chicago, but will be back for the races.

The opening number of the evening's performance at St. James' School-house was a minuet, which I hear was very gracefully done, but regret that I was a bit late and missed seeing it.

Mrs. Douglas Cameron and her baby boy are visiting Mr. Irving Cameron, 307 Sherbourne street. I hear Mrs. Cameron will be in town for some weeks.

The marriage of Mr. Walter Maughan and Miss Gertrude Rymal will take place next Thursday.

Mrs. Follingsby and her sister, Mrs. Diffield, sailed last Saturday from Boston for England. During Mrs. Follingsby's absence, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Skel will occupy her house in Spadina road.

For the second time Miss Bertha Mackenzie of Benvenuto has had the misfortune to break an arm. A similar accident laid her up a few years ago at her home. This time the contretemps occurred in Winnipeg, where she is visiting Mrs. Scott Griffin, her eldest sister. I am glad to hear that the fracture is not a very serious one. It was a horseback accident. Talking of such things reminds me that one of our most consummate riders had a narrow escape recently. Major Forester's horse fell with him, and dragged the rider some distance by the stirrup until his riding boot came off and he was saved from either death or serious injury. Major Forester has often counselled his friends of the fair sex to wear the sort of riding boot that will slip from the foot under such circumstances, and has had a decidedly convincing experience of the wisdom of his counsels. Several ugly stitches on the top of his head showed up whenever he lifted his hat in salute to his friends at the Horse Show. However, he is hard killing, and has one more escape to record.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Lukes sailed for England last Saturday on the s.s. "Republic."

Mrs. Derwyn Owen, formerly Norah Jellett, will receive at Mrs. Jellett's home, 31 Grosvenor street, on next Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons.

Mrs. Donald of Arkroath, Center Island, will receive on Saturdays during the summer.

The death of Mrs. Morgan, wife of Judge Morgan of Lowther avenue, was a sad and rather sudden grief to her family. Miss Minnie (Hope) Morgan, who was to sing for Queen Alexandra, and a younger sister, were in England, and to them and to Miss Vera Morgan and the bereaved judge much sympathy is everywhere expressed.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Marshall are at Balmly Beach for the summer.

The engagement of Miss Louise Knowles Collins, daughter of Rev. J. S. Colling of Brunswick avenue, and Mr. Herbert H. Bowman, is announced. The wedding takes place on June 8.

The Daughters of the Empire had an all-day session for their annual meeting at McConkey's on Wednesday. The president, Mrs. Nordheimer of Gleneddyth, entertained the visiting delegates at luncheon at the cafe. The guests were: Mrs. P. D. Cramer, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Van Allan and Mrs. Morgan of Hamilton, Mrs. Ernest Smith of London, Mrs. Gordon Smith, Mrs. Sinclair of Paris, Mrs. Celler, Mrs. Knight of Galt, Mrs. Goldie of Mt. and Mrs. J. C. Dietrich of Guelph, Miss Sibbald of Sutton, Mrs. Nasmith, Miss Clement and Miss Hall of Woodstock.

The marriage of Miss Jessie Kingsmill to Mr. Charles Worsley will take place on Wednesday, June 8th.

Mrs. James Arthur Ritchie (nee Stewart) will hold her post-nuptial receptions next Monday and Tuesday afternoons at the residence of her mother, 54 Collier street.

The marriage of Mr. John Henry Moss, son of the late Chief Justice Thomas Moss, to Miss Florence Ethelwyn Marshall, daughter of Mr. William N. Marshall of Kansas City, whose engagement was announced about a fortnight ago, will take place on Monday, the 23rd, at St. Thomas' Church, at 2.30 o'clock. A reception will be held afterwards at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George N. Morang of St. George street.

Mrs. C. Pierson has taken "Oldfield," 310 Lake front, Center Island, and will be prepared to receive guests the first of June. Apply 269 Jarvis street. Phone Main 3303.

Diary of a Mormon.

Monday—I am feeling very tired to-day. I came home late last night, and was met at the head of the stairs by the entire outfit. This was a case of where there was only one listener, and the lecture was given by the audience. Oh, my!

Tuesday—I wired East to-day for another carload of cribs. Hope they will get here soon and relieve the pres-

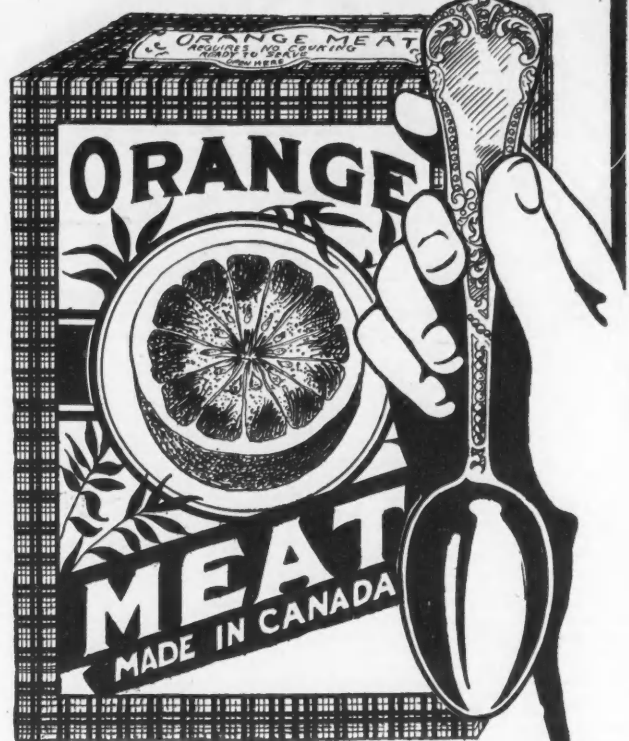
Served with a silver spoon

A new Canadian process, preserves the very best elements of the very best Canadian wheat.

The result is Orange Meat—the essence of a perfect, sustaining food.

It requires no cooking—every particle is perfectly digestible. It is supplied in germ-proof packages, and may be served hot or cold.

Each 15c. package contains a coupon. Your grocer will tell you what they mean—heavy silver-plated table service free—made by the same manufacturer, of the same material and in the same manner as the silverware on most of your tables now.



SEND COUPONS TO
THE FRONTENAC CEREAL CO., Limited, 43 SCOTT ST., TORONTO

One Pound 30¢

Michie's Cardinal Cream Chocolates

Assorted Flavours

Sold only in bright Cardinal boxes of registered design, with the original purity of every piece protected by a wrapper.

Michie & Co., 7 King St. West

Spring Cleaning.

Dwellings Cleaned by Compressed Air.
Our system is absolutely DUSTLESS.
Carpets cleaned without removal. . . .
Tapestry and silk walls cleaned, billiard tables, pianos and upholstered furniture cleaned. . . .

'PHONE MAIN 1413 **59 and 61 Victoria St.**

HEADACHE

Neuralgia and Nervousness cured quickly by
AXAX AND NEURALGIA CURE
No heart depression. Greatest cure ever discovered. Take no other, 10c and 50c. All dealers or direct from Austin & Co., Simcoe, Ont. Money back if not satisfied.

UNITARIAN CHURCH

Jarvis St., above Wilton Ave.
Sunday morning service at eleven o'clock. Preaching by the minister, REV. J. T. SUNDLAND, M.A., subject:
"CHURCH UNION."
Seats free—a cordial invitation is extended to all. No evening service.
Unitarian literature may be had free on application to Mrs. Thompson, No. 308 Jarvis Street.

SHEA'S THEATER

Matinee Daily **WEEK MAY 9** Evngs. 25, 50 Mats. 25

The Georgia Magoet
Annie Abbott
In Marvelous Feats of Strength.
ROONEY & FRANCIS
A Clever Pair of Dancers.
WM. H. WINDOW
The Nurse Girl.
ROMANI TRIO
Wonderful Acrobats.
BEAN & HAMILTON
Barrel Jumpers.
THE KINETOGRAPH
With all New Pictures.
SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION
Foy & Clark
Presenting "The Old Curiosity Shop."

CARNAHAN'S

Sodas and Ices are all right. Don't forget our Imported "Senieur," etc., etc.
W. J. A. & H. CARNAHAN, Druggists, etc.
Carlton and Church, - TORONTO.

ART POTTERY

Pieces Suitable for Wedding Gifts.

WILLIAM JUNOR
88 WEST KING STREET, TORONTO

Giles' Limited
Caterers and Manufacturing Confectioners.
719 Yonge St., Toronto
Telephones—North 2004 and 2005

Geo. S. McConkey's RESTAURANT

BALL RECEPTION AND ASSEMBLY ROOMS Afternoon Tea

Fish Meals

as well as other
Lunches and Dinners
are again served in first class style at
MRS. MEYER'S PARLORS
SUNNYSIDE
'Phone Parkdale 903.

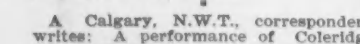
New Goods and New Models

In Costuming and Millinery
at 406 and 408 Yonge Street
Mrs. Joan Bishop Miss Alexander
Telephone—Main 3077

Beautiful PINCE-NEZ At Potter's

We are making up day by day singularly beautiful Pince-Nez and Spectacles—high-grade in quality—accurate in lenses—comfortable in fit. And for unusual or prescription glasses we do not, as in the past, send to New York or other large centers; but, with the aid of our newly-installed machinery, we can produce them on short notice.

Chas. Potter
OPTICIAN
85 YONGE STREET



also Sir Arthur Sullivan's amazon
at which, as the composer declared, neve
e used improper language until its mas

On Saturday evening, April 30, the Conservatory Music Hall was filled

For Dates, Terms, etc., apply to
Toronto Conservatory of Music, Toronto

Tone placement and development of voice according to scientific principles, a specialty.
Studio—58 Alexander Street.

J. D. McDONALD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto

MRS. H. W. PARKE
SOPRANO
For Dates, Terms, etc., apply to
Toronto Conservatory of Music, Toronto



DURING the half century that we have made pianos, art ideals have been uppermost in all the sentiment that has guided our handiwork, and our product to-day demonstrates more forcibly than at any other time that in the

Heintzman & Co. Piano

(Made by ye olde firme of Heintzman & Co.)

pure art is fundamental. The world's great artists bear testimony to this fact in making this piano their invariable choice at all great functions and musical occasions.

—Used exclusively in Royal Car by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Piano Salon, 115-117 King Street West,
TORONTO.



New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

THE Toronto fire excited a good deal of interest in this city, some papers devoting two columns to its description and losses. The first despatches arrived about midnight, coupled with the alarming report that Buffalo had been wired for help. In the morning we got the impression that Buffalo had put the fire out—but this is by the way. To those of us who knew the Toronto fire brigade, the seriousness of a fire they could not cope with was at once apparent, and the hours were anxious enough until word came that the great blaze was at last under control.

Fifteen millions, of course, is neither here nor there to a country of the financial expansiveness of this. We buy canals in the foreign market and a country to dig them in if necessary, but some of us knew what the figures meant to the thrifty, hard-working Canadian whose personal toll had gone into every dollar. It seems incredible at this distance that such old rock-bottom institutions as Brock's, Gordon-Mackay's and Howland's—institutions some of them as old as Toronto's commercial history—should have perished in a night, and morning show nothing but the smoking ruins of their generations of industry. But this we know, that Toronto's commercial position is too well assured to suffer more than a temporary hurt, and it will not be long before she rises from her ashes, better equipped than ever to handle the large interests of a trade center.

May has opened auspiciously, at any rate, and revived the hope that there has been enough to discourage the hope, certainly, and lend color to a theory of two seasons, July-August and winter. There are even yet only the faintest signs of budding trees and here and there a sward of sickly green convalescing in the warm sunshine. But humanity is optimistic at bottom—since Noah's time, at any rate—and to-day signs are at least more convincing, one would say, than those signs of land which lifted from despair the sorry crew of that ancient voyage. All New York seems to be out of doors enjoying the day to the full. Winter wraps are doffed at last, and in summer garments multitudes are thronging the Park, the River Drive and other breathing places.

But if these natural signs of spring have failed us up till now, there are abundant signs of its proximity in artificial life. Society is amusing itself in a very perfunctory manner, and merely tapering off the winter season as best it can before bringing on the perfect ennui of summer. There are the inevitable spring weddings, of course, with their ever-multiplying social duties and exactions, until the way of matrimony seems to be complex at start as it is reported to be thereafter.

Among the theaters only two or three of the season's successes remain, and these we are reminded are in their last

weeks. "Merely Mary Ann," by Zangwill, in which Miss Eleanor Robson has played so successfully; "The Secret of Polichinelle," the French comedy by Wolfe, and David Belasco's sumptuously mounted production of his own play, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," adapted from the Bath comedy, where in Henrietta Crossman has made such a popular hit, have all survived the theatrical season and are only to be withdrawn through lapse of time. Of each of these I wrote early in the season. In "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" the character of the historic Widow Bellairs during the Inniskillen boy's revival, and in the hands of Miss Crossman we have a delightful bit of comedy that is wholesome, contagious and persistently Irish. The accent may be a little "off" at times, and an English atmosphere is next to impossible, we know, on the American stage, but there are some capital situations up to the last act—and the opportunities for mounting are excellent. And, in the hands of this past-master in stage mounting, we have a series of stage pictures that have probably never been quite equalled, the last scene—a rainstorm—proving so realistic that the audience involuntarily hoists its umbrellas on leaving the theater. And what more could one ask than such pictures and the charm of Miss Crossman's acting?

The monster revival of the "Two Orphans," with an "all-star" cast, has done something to sustain theatrical interest to the season's close, and the performances still draw vast audiences nightly, who weep over its heart-wringing woes, or applaud the rather commonplace sentiments of its melodramatic heroes. And all this, just when we were hoping that the Elizabethan propaganda had educated public taste to something higher! However, progress of this kind is slow, and no doubt even in another decade or so the "Two Orphans" will be good for another and equally successful revival.

The metropolitan visit of Julia Marlowe this coming week gives us something to look forward to, even if the medium of her art be nothing worthier than "When Knighthood Was in Flower." This is not the time to be exacting in our demands, but the season when we are grateful for any real favor in this direction, however small it may be.

You in Toronto have still to enjoy the visit of Mr. Mansfield in "Ivan the Terrible" and "Old Heidelberg," which I understand will be about the middle of June. Whatever Toronto's theatrical privations have been this winter you are still fortunate to be included in this tour, which, while it extends to the Pacific Coast, takes in only very important places. In "Ivan" you will see Mr. Mansfield in one of his very best characterizations, if not his best. I cannot subscribe to all the praise bestowed on this accomplished and versatile actor, at least not when he is likened, say, to David Garrick, but then I admit a certain prejudice against the "American" stage generally, and this may explain everything. Mr. Mansfield is hard, almost "flinty," and

his genius works within well-defined spiritual limitations, but in the quality of his art as such and his mental vision of the requirements of stage technique there can be no manner of question to the place he holds in public esteem. And a sharply-outlined caricature, such as this of Russia's terrible Czar of the sixteenth century is precisely what the score of Mr. Mansfield's art enables him to do best. What Irving would do with the part is another matter, though one instinctively compares this with the latter's characterization of Louis XI. There is a striking family likeness between the two parts, and no manner of resemblance in their treatment. Mr. Mansfield's make-up and mimicry of the character of the cruel despot, with the imbecility of age creeping over every feature and timidity, is vivid and wonderful. We see the imperial stature shrunken in upon itself, the beard dwindled away to a few straggling white hairs, the hand trembling with age and the voice, except in moments of passionate outburst, is merely a semile quaver or toothless mumble. Add to this the abject image of a conscience overtaken by craven fear and remorse, seeking escape in pious exercises, and you have in part a mental picture of "Ivan the Terrible." There are splendid moments of acting, too, and every scene is elaborately mounted and staged.

The annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists closes to-day. This year's exhibit, we are told, has been quite up to the standard of former years, both in the number of artists and in public patronage of the view. Sargent's group of the "Misses Hunter" has, of course, been the piece de resistance and chief attraction of the exhibit. This picture had already aroused such favorable comment elsewhere that its public appearance in New York was awaited with every interest. Three young Englishwomen and sisters, representing high middle-class life, comprise the group, and these are arranged naturally and easily in an ordinary drawing-room. There is a nice, restful atmosphere of good breeding, repose, and the accompaniments of assured social position and ease. It is a particular pleasure to see the painter's treatment of this composed Old World type, instead of that nervous, aggressive type of modern we know so well. Sargent's art is strenuous enough without the strenuous subject.

Items of interest to Torontonians were the exhibits of two young painter artists, Miss Muntz and Miss Carlyle. Both these artists' work excited favorable comment, and one or two of their pictures brought a very nice figure.

Life's Tavern.

In this old Tavern there are rooms so dear
That I would linger here.
I love these corners and familiar nooks
Where I have sat with people and with books.
The very imperfections and the scars
About the walls and ceiling and the floor,
The sagging of the windows and the door,
The dinginess that mars
The hearth and chimney, and the wood laid bare
There on the old black chair.
The dear dilapidation of the place
Smiles in my face,
And I am loth to go.
Here from the window is a glimpse of sea,
Enough for me;
And every evening, through the window bars,
Peer in the friendly stars.
—And yet I know
That some day I must go, and close the door,
And see the house no more.
—Mary Burt Messer in April "Atlantic."

Through Ottawa Sleeper

Leaves at 10.30 p.m. via Grand Trunk Railway. Tickets and reservations at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

A Teller of Queer Tales.

Nearly everyone has in his dime-novel age revelled in the romances of Jules Verne's heroes, who did such impossible things and possessed such uncanny powers. A writer in the "Pall Mall Magazine," who has visited the old Frenchman, tells of his habits of early rising with an enthusiasm discouraging to the young aspirant who believes in the virtue of midnight oil. Jules Verne rises early, like most successful writers, and has accomplished his day's work before noon. The afternoon he devotes to a study of the newspapers and magazines: "I read twenty journals a day," he told me; and he finds there the material for his romantic voyages. He began life with thoughts of the law. He studied the manuals of the jurisconsults to please his parents; but he wrote plays to please himself. It is difficult to imagine the well-ordered fancy and scientific precision of a Jules Verne harnessed to so runaway a steed as the dramatic muse. He wrote at least a dozen poetical dramas, none of which, he declared, with a tinge of sadness in his tones, saw the light. Jules Verne even wrote an historical drama founded

Fashionable Intelligence.



Fitz-Jones goes in for motoring and mixes in society.—"Punch."

The Berliner Gram-o-phone.



Berliner Gram-o-phones

are sold and used all over the world, but Gram-o-phones that are sold in Canada are "Made in Canada." The only instrument sold with an absolute 5-year guarantee. The records are made in Canada and will wear ten times as long as any other records. No one

need be imposed on by imitators or fakirs—there are 1,800 Gram-o-phone agents in Canada. Look for the dog on the back of the maroon records.

PRICE \$15.00 to \$45.00, INCLUDING 3 RECORDS OF PURCHASERS' CHOICE, OR SOLD ON EASY PAYMENT PLAN IF DESIRED, \$1.00 CASH AND \$2.00 PER MONTH. WRITE OR CALL ON NEAREST AGENT FOR PARTICULARS AND FREE LIST OF 2,000 RECORDS AND CATALOGUE.

FOR SALE IN TORONTO BY

THOS. CLAXTON, 197 Yonge St.
THE NORDHEIMER PIANO & MUSIC CO., 15 King St. E.
TORONTO GRAM-O-PHONE CO., 48 Queen St. W.
T. LONGHURST, 171 Queen St. E.

We will allow 15c. on each old or broken 7 in. record, 30c. on each old or broken 10 in. record taken in exchange for new records.

Manufactured in Canada by The Berliner Gram-o-phone Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

Emanuel Blout, General Manager.

HARDY ROSES

A fine assortment of the best and hardiest varieties, such as we know will stand our Canadian winters.

BOSTON IVY

Fine strong 3-year-old plants, 30c. each; \$3.00 per doz.

SHRUBS, GRAPE VINES, CLEMATIS, Etc.

Sweet Peas

Nasturtiums

SOW QUEEN CITY LAWN GRASS

It's cheaper and better than sodding, and if sown now will soon make a fine green sward. Per lb. 25c.; large pkt., 10c.

GREENHOUSES:
1514 Queen St. East.

The STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., Limited

RETAIL STORE:
130 and 132 King St. East.

on the English Gunpowder Plot. Curious that it should have been reserved for a Frenchman to see the dramatic possibilities (and in verse, too!) of Guy Fawkes.

The Beaver Departing.

Canadians will be somewhat alarmed to hear from Mr. Josef Brunner that the beaver is a vanishing animal. It looks as if Alverstone had something to do with it, for Senator Lodge has whispered in confidence that his lordship was heard to remark last November, "We've got the beaver skinned." Mr. Brunner takes a deep and scientific interest in the vanishing beaver, and tells in "Country Life in America" of how that gentle animal makes no more in Montana.

For this one miles along a certain Montana stream all the beavers had been killed by trappers. There was only a single colony left at the lower end, and when I pitched camp nearby a trapper was waiting to complete the extermination. I soon saw what was going on, but my remonstrance to the rancher met with incredulity.

"They're not good for anything, anyhow, except their fur," said he positively.

However, I finally induced him to ride along with me next day and see if I could not change his opinion. We mounted at daybreak, and by sunrise were riding along a creek which had had an abundance of beavers in bygone days—as the decaying trees and black stumps showed. The dam had been torn down years before. The stream was running in a deep bed, the vegetation of the surrounding country was ruined, and consequently the pasture was exceedingly meagre.

I pointed it out to my companion, but he insisted that it proved nothing, as the country might always have been barren. After an hour's more riding we passed a flat with a luxurious growth of grass.

"There must be a beaver dam here," said I.

Sure enough, when we went to the creek we found one. I looked triumphantly at the rancher, but he shook his head and made no remark except a "hm." Going on again, we reached a section where the beavers were practically undisturbed, and had dams at every turn of the creek. The water was level with the banks and the vegetation was of almost tropical luxuriance. This continued for five or six miles, when we cut across country to the stream on which were the rancher's house and my camp. Everywhere we found the same story.

Now doth the busy Japanese
Improve each warlike minute
Tidy loading up his little gun
And handing out what's in it.
—Detroit "Free Press."

Out for the Coins.

Of Continental royalties the King of Italy's superb collection of coins is world famous. Miniatures are a smart craze nowadays, and the collections of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Lady Essex are very fine. An expensive hobby is the collection of uncut precious stones, and some jewelry-loving dames devote their energies to amassing varieties of one particular ornament. Lady Brougham, for instance, has a most interesting and artistic collection of the quaint "eye" brooches. It is distinctly a feather in the cap of the modern woman if she can devise an entirely novel fad, and the effort to be original has led to some weird searches. The collection of ancient skulls seems hardly an inspiring occupation for one's leisure hours, but it is pursued energetically by one or two individuals with a taste for the morbid.

A Clean Stage.

More people go to the theater than ever before. Shall we stand off and continue our fulminations against the stage? The alliance hopes to influence public taste, and its members can utter approval of clean, wholesome plays. And theater managers may realize that they lose patronage by putting on unclean plays, and gain it by putting on clean plays.—Rev. Dr. W. H. Van Allen, Adventist, Boston.

In the Steerage.

An incident of exceptional brutality and one which showed very conclusively the meekness with which the emigrant submits to such treatment, fearing it will affect his chances for being landed, occurred after dinner this day. A group from Potenza, in which we had some friends, had all been very seaisick, but were recovering and just beginning to eat and regain their strength. Their dinner was fresh and hot in their pan, they having been among the last to be given their portion, and they hastened into the lee of the last hatch aft on the forward deck, and sat down to enjoy it. On the hatch was a young sailor, who had a besom, and was sweeping the refuse and filth off the hatch cover. Already a pile of repulsive dinner leavings was gathered

STUDIO PHONE—M 4081

CONLAN BROS.

Importers of Wall-Papers,
Interior Decorations,
Room Mouldings, Etc.

Painters, Glaziers, Paper-Hangers,

Designers, Fresco Painters.

Saturday Night Building,

28 ADELAIDE ST. WEST.

RESIDENCE PHONE—N 1899

on the hatch not three feet from the heads of the Potenza group. He paused in his work and noticed that they were just beginning their dinner, and in brutal sport gave a grand sweep with his broom to the heaped-up refuse, which landed it all over the unwarned circle, half filled their dinner pans and ruined their meal. The sailor stood leaning on his besom laughing at his clever trick. Not a word did the poor devils say, but quietly rose, poured their spoiled dinner over the rail, cleaned off their clothes as well as they could, and waited till supper to appease their hunger.

It was only the next day that a Greek, who had been long enough in the States to become a citizen and to know his individual rights, gave a sailor or a severe beating for jostling the Greek's wife. He disabled the German in just three blows.—"Frank Leslie's Monthly."

Forgiven.

Missionary (out west)—Did you ever forgive an enemy?
Bad Man—Wunst.
"I am glad to hear that. What moved your inner soul to prefer peace to strife?"
"I didn't have no gun."

India's Silly Season Topic.

We suppose we must resign ourselves during the hot weather, when copy is scarce, to frequent repetitions of the old, old story of a threatened Russian invasion of Afghanistan, coupled with painful editorials pointing out its extreme improbability for the hundredth time. It would be kindness to warn the Russians that if they cannot beat the Japs it is sheer madness to run the risk of irritating the Afghans.—"Englishman," Calcutta.

There are only two kinds of children—your own perfect little cherubs and the ill-behaved brats owned by other people.—"Town Topics."



The strongest leather made is the Chrome Tanned Calfskin

This we use in our special design of Deep Club Bag, with seams at the ends only and turned over leather on the bottom. Finest quality of frame, with the best gold-plated trimmings and lock, leather lined, single or double handles.

PRICE—18-inch, \$13.00; 20-inch, \$14.00
Express Charges Paid in Ontario

Catalogue S Describes the SPECIAL TRAVELING
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Leather Goods Company, Limited
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**STORM
SASHES
REMOVED**

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Toronto Window Cleaning Co., Limited
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THE CHASE & BAKER PIANO-PLAYER CONNECTED WITH A NORDHEIMER PIANO

enables anyone, whether
musically educated or not,
to produce with beautiful
effect the finest compositions
at will.

Inspection solicited.

SOLE AGENTS
**The Nordheimer Piano & Music
Co., Limited, 15 King Street
East, Toronto.**

The Masculine View.

"She's really a lovely girl," he said.
"A blonde, and extremely fair.
With a gracefully small and classic
head."
"Indeed? And what did she wear?"
"Her eyes—you know those eyes like
mist.
Just the color of skies, at dawn.
With lashes the longest, silkiest—"
"Yes—yes, but, what had she on?"
"I liked her manner. Its gentle charm
Suggested a soul at rest;
And then—her smile was so sweet and
warm—"
"Good gracious. How was she dressed?"
"She must have worn some sort of a
gown?"
"Why—yes—that is certainly clear;
But I did not see it. I frankly own—
I saw only her, my dear."
—Madeline Bridges in "Smart Set."

A Bit of Spring.

I WATCHED her, and as she raised
her fair face to the morning sun
she seemed to me a thing of beauty,
this winsome sprite. The
world greeted her uprising with
melody and with gladness in her beauty,
for 'twas the glad springtime. She
threw aside her draperies. The little
vagrant puffs of wind aided and
abetted her in so doing, while the lithe
sway of her slender body, the poise of
her dainty head, with its coronet of
gold, worn right regally, was something

to wonder at and watch admiringly as
I sat on the bank by the river's brim.
Her kirtle flowed out and rippled
round her in folds rich and abundant.
In color it was a soft emerald green,
and was cut and fashioned most cunningly,
by no prentice hand. I marvelled
at the fresh, delicious scent which
emanated from her raiment, and I
questioned her as to the possibility of
my procuring some like it. She smiled
and bowed her graceful neck to me,
evidently well pleased at my notice of
her attractions, but she said, with a
little hauteur in her voice, that the per-
fume I desired to purchase was dis-
tilled from "Mother Nature's store,"
and was, therefore, unsalable.

'Twas a breezy morning. What an
inexpressible solace and refreshment it
had been to leave the bustling city
streets and thus to enjoy the pure air.
My last "case" had tired me both men-
tally and physically.
I puffed at my briar with great con-
tent. The stream flowed on—on, while
above me was the clear blue of the
sunlit sky, and the arching trees, whis-
pering, whispering, in that language of
their own, of mysteries and things
which they have seen, that we wot not
of—and again I watched her, fascinat-
ed.

the refrain was, "Rejoice in the sunny
days."
And still my wayward belle danced
on and on. Perchance the blended
odors from the brown earth intoxicated
her, for verily, she seemed light-headed,
tireless in her elfin frolics. And
the next day, and yet the next, I re-
turned, for she was so fair, so lovable,
yet so coy.
And when again I passed by the old
sun-dial on its broken pedestal, in the
quaintly picturesque garden, and hur-
ried to my favorite spot, lo! she was
gone. Some rude—perhaps callous—
hand had plucked her, maybe for the
gratification of an hour, then cast her
aside, or a careless foot trampled her
unthinkingly.
For the nonce I was inconsolable,
although she who had thus touched me
in her rich beauty was "but a yellow
daffodil," waving in the westerly winds.
JETNA.

News From the Front.

Ping-Yang, Wednesday. — A large
party of Japanese, under the art editor
of "Collier's" Weekly, succeeded in
crossing the Anju last night, but were
repulsed by a superior force of Cos-
sacks, under the Sunday editor of the
New York "Herald."
Tokio, Wednesday.—It is again rum-
ored that all the war pictures of the
New York "Journal" were captured in
the Japanese attack on Chow-Gun Sun-
day. If so, they would appear exclus-
ively in the New York "World," by
special treaty with the Japanese Gov-
ernment. The rumor is persistently
denied by St. Petersburg. This is a
grave loss, and may end the war.
Bombay, Thursday.—The regent of
historical novelists, recruited in New
York and London, arrived here this
morning, on its way to the front. They
are a fine body of men.
Tokio, Thursday.—It is now known
positively that the garrison at Port
Arthur is almost out of photographic
supplies, and its evacuation is a mat-
ter of a few days.—"Life."

An Odd Question.

It was a devilish odd question to put
to a man, and it momentarily knocked
out even the polished and expeditious
"Billie" Abington. The inter-
rogator was a brother actor—a cultured
gentleman and right good fellow—
whose better-half had been touring in
the States for many moons. And fol-
lowing Abington's remark that he had
come across the lady fit and well in the
city of New York, the anguished hubby
asked: "Is my wife married yet, Bill?"
—"Sporting Times."

Rothschild's Retort.

A young globe-trotter was holding
forth during a dinner in Paris about
the loveliness of the Island of Tahiti
and the marvelous beauty of the wo-
men there. One of the Barons Roths-
child, who was present, ventured to
enquire if he had remarked anything
else worthy of note in connection with
the island. Resenting the baron's en-
quiry, the youth replied:
—"Yes, what struck me most was that
there were no Jews and no pigs to be
seen there."
—"Is that so?" exclaimed the baron, in
no wise disconcerted. "Then if you
and I go there together we shall make
our fortunes."—Exchange.

Not To Be Sent.

Horace T. Eastman, the inventor of
the locomotive pilot, said the other
day:
"This morning I was sitting in a drug
store waiting to get a prescription filled
when a young Irishman entered.
"The Irishman pointed to a stack of
green Castle soap and said:
"O! want a loomp of that?"
"Very well, sir," said the clerk. "Will
you have it scented or unscented?"
"O! I take it with me," said the
Irishman."—New York "Tribune."

Ideal China.

England has been curious for some
time over the Letters of a Chinese
Official, which have appeared from
time to time, and which are now at-
tributed to an Englishman living at
Cambridge. He arraigns Western civi-
lization for its hypocrisy and inco-
sistency, and in a burst of eloquence
thus describes his Chinese home:
"I can hit on no better device to
bring home to you something that is
in my mind, than to endeavor to set
down here, as faithfully as I can, a pic-
ture that never ceases to haunt my
memory as I walk in these dreary win-
ter days the streets of your black me-
tropolis. Far away in the East, on the
shores of a broad river, stands the
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